HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XIV.

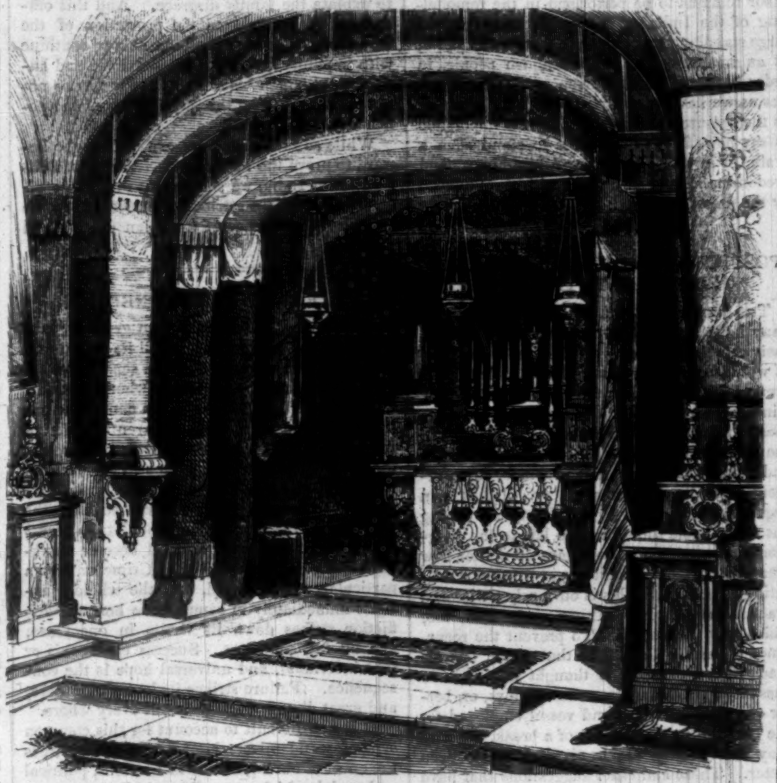
(From our own Correspondent.)

Approaching Nazareth.—Tents of Travelers.—Miss Warren is dying.—Situation of the Village.—The Plain of Esdraelon.—View from the Hills.—The Convent and Church of the Annunciation.—The Virgin's Cellar-Kitchen.—Evening and Starlight on Nazareth.—The Music of Gennesaret.

As we descended the ravine on the side of which Nazareth is situated, we caught sight of the tents of a party of travelers among the olive-trees which are near the Fountain of the Virgin and the Greek Church. They shone white and pleasantly among the dark-green foliage; and in a few moments we could see our own dingy canvas among them, and recognize our servants, who stood in front of the fountain. They did not shout as we approached. There was, on the contrary, a profound silence over every thing, which we had difficulty in explaining. We rode up at a gallop, calling out to Selim as we approached to know if all was right.

All was right with our affairs; but the other tents proved to be those of Mr. Warren, and Miss Alice was lying very ill—they believed dying.

The intelligence was a shock. We had thought of meeting them again; but when we parted at Samaria we were all confident that she was so much improved that all apprehensions of danger for her health and life were gone.



SHRINE OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

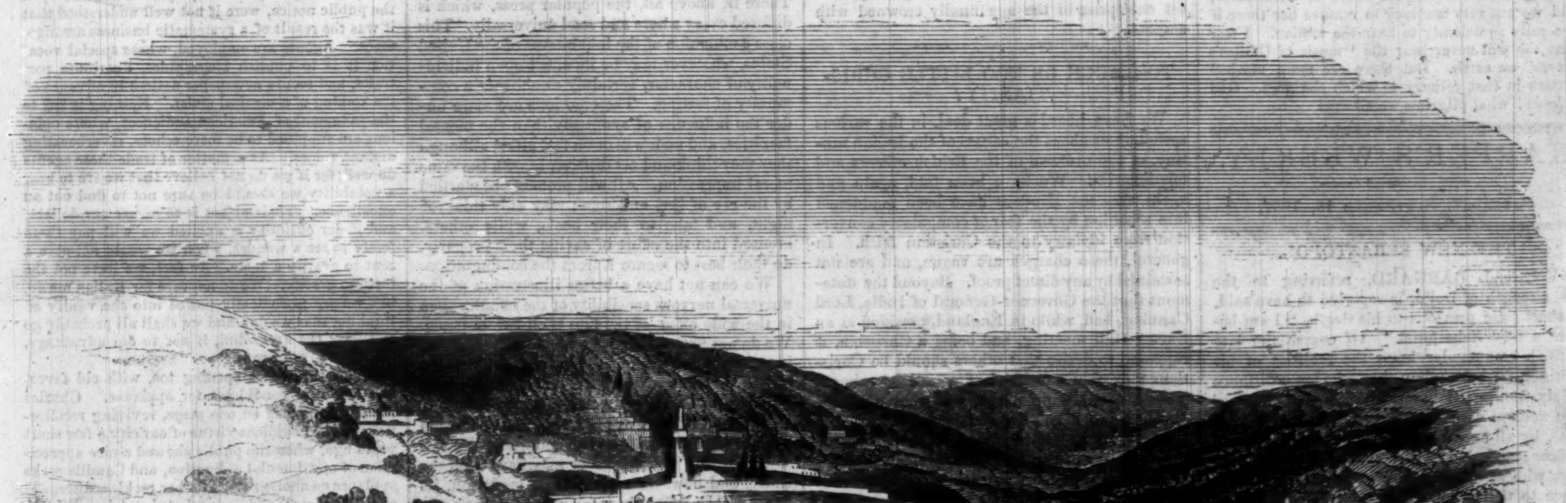
You may think it somewhat strange that our approach to Nazareth, the place of the youth of Christ, should have failed in producing sufficient impression on us even to keep in our minds the idea that it was Nazareth, when we heard this sad story of our young friend. But there was a something about that young girl—a gentleness, a purity, and withal a glow of enthusiasm, which had endeared her to both of us more than I can tell you. I have written heretofore laughingly about John Steenburger's attentions to her, for it was a subject of joke with all of us; but my Western friend, frank and generous in all his feelings, did not love the beautiful American girl any more sincerely than did I, and every one else who met her in her sad pilgrimage.

We found her lying in the tent, on the low iron bedstead, pale, calm, and cheerful, but manifestly very weak, and very near that end of earthly pilgrim-walks to which we are all more or less rapidly traveling. She welcomed us with a cheerful "Good-afternoon," and spoke with the utmost delight of the few days of pleasure she had had since we parted. From Samaria they had crossed the southern branch of the plain of Esdraelon, resting at various places, among which was one day at the Tower of ancient Jezreel, and another at Nain, and yet another on the summit of Mount Tabor. "It was so glorious," she said, "on that hill-top, to look around on Galilee, and down into the blue depths of the Lake of Gennesaret."

We have been resting now one week at Nazareth. This is the eighth day, and she is to-day stronger and better. She has had changes—now for the better, and now for the worse. Meantime we could not go and leave her or her friends.

Nazareth lies in a ravine that falls through the hills to the plain of Esdraelon, the level of which is about three miles distant. This great plain, of which I have before spoken, especially at Haifa, which is on its western coast, runs, in fact, completely across Palestine, from the sea to the Jordan. The plain is a very uniform level from north to south, with a slight ascent from the Mediterranean eastward to the foot of Tabor. This is the summit of the water-shed, and from this it falls eastward to the Jordan and sea of Galilee. The north side of the plain is thoroughly walled up by almost precipitous hills, which are the last falling off of Lebanon, of which the high peaks commence twenty miles to the northward. One of the bluffs overlooking the plain is the traditionary Mount of the Precipitation, where Christ was led out to be cast down. I think there is not much faith to be placed in the tradition, especially as that hill was in the city, and this is three miles distant.

But from any one of these hills around Nazareth there is a glorious view, and you may well imag-



VIEW OF NAZARETH.

ing that I have not found eight days too many to drink in the enjoyment of the views of Galilee. From the hill near the tents I can see Cana, Safed, Tabor, Endor, Nain, Jezreel, Gilboa, Shunem, the plain of Esdraelon and its various villages, the River Kishon and Mt. Carmel beyond; while the peaks of Lebanon tower in the north, and Mount Hermon, white and glorious, stands in the northeast like a sentinel guarding the Land of Promise, and looking down into the depths of Gennesaret, which lie to the eastward, but are not visible from here.

You will scarcely care to hear of the Convent at Nazareth, which is built on the alleged site of the Virgin Mary's house. Many of these places pointed out by the monks are worthy of credit, while others are so manifestly without authority that to place any confidence in them implies a total submission to the authority of tradition, even in the face of reason. The house of Mary is no longer here. It departed through the air to Loretto in Italy a long time ago, pausing on its way somewhere in Greece for a while. But the grotto under the Church of the Annunciation is curious and worth visiting, ornamented as it is with the gifts of royalty through many centuries. It opens by broad steps up to the floor of the church. Descending these you are in the shrine, and on the spot where the angel met her with the first "Ave Maria." How she came to be in this cavern does not precisely appear; but there is a vaulted passage leading from it to the place which was the kitchen of her house, and it may be that this explains her being in the cellar when the angel came.

The attendant monk pointed out a broken column, the upper part of the shaft hanging from the wall above, and he seemed to think there was something miraculous in it.

I hasten to leave this place. I have nowhere in Holy Land been more disgusted than I was here with the attempt to locate the events of the life of Christ.

Was it not enough that on these hills the boy wandered? that His young feet learned here those first tottering steps that led Him afterward up and down the hills of Syria, a houseless wanderer, without place to lay His Head, until he bore the cross up the ascent to Calvary, and they laid His head at last on the rocky pillow hewn for Arimathean Joseph? Was it not enough that this blue vault that overhangs Nazareth once covered the glory of God on earth, and sustained the clouds of countless angels looking down on that sublime mystery, in which they had no part, and of which they had no adequate conception?

Was it not enough that here He learned, in accents of this earth's language, to speak that word "mother," hallowed forever after, a thousand fold, that His lips have spoken it so often, so tenderly, from childhood until His last sad bequest to John the Beloved, at the Cross?

It is an evening of exquisite beauty. The stars shine gently, lovingly, on Nazareth. The picture of the valley from my tent door is exceedingly beautiful. A group of tall and graceful women are filling water jars at the Virgin's Fountain. The other tents are silent. No one moves. The wind rustles the leaves of the olive trees, but there is a hush in the very sound. Selim and Ben-ishdad lie side by side on the ground, profoundly still. You would think them dead men, such is their perfectly motionless attitude. Alice has been somewhat stronger this afternoon, but toward evening she seemed to fail a little. She has expressed a longing desire to see the shore of Gennesaret, and we are very anxious to remove her there if she rally sufficiently to bear the motion. I fear that she will never hear the "music of Galilee's waves" on earth. But there are more musical waters in that country to which she goes. God help us! what pilgrims we all are!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 19, 1857.

THE NEW SEBASTOPOL.

General Barnard, referring to the strength of Delhi, is reported to have said, a short time previous to his death, "I am before a new Sebastopol." Of course the late British commander knew the realities of his position far better than they who, at a distance of six thousand miles, were capturing on paper the ancient capital of the Mogul empire. He was, by all accounts, an able and most intrepid officer; and the English government and people, who at first laughed at any serious resistance to their arms, have now recognized the soundness of his views. They have to conquer a Sebastopol compared with which the reduction of the Russian fortress that so stoutly withstood Pelissier's *feu d'enfer* was but an easy task.

By every mail from India we get a clearer view of this great rebellion. It grows more and more formidable as we begin to understand its nature and extent. It is no longer the aimless mutiny of a brutal Sepoy soldiery, but a rising of the Mohammedan race throughout the length and breadth of Hindostan. We do not doubt but that, sooner or later, the ascendancy of English power will be asserted, but at what a sacrifice! The capture of Delhi alone will require an attacking force of 10,000 men. At latest dates only 2000 British troops could be mustered before the city; and the services of this handful were urgently needed in other places, as at Cawnpore, where men, women, and children had been treacherously massacred, or at Agra, where their comrades, after severe fighting, had been compelled to retire. The small army before Delhi were suffering so severely from heat and cholera, and were so worn out by the determined sorties of the enemy, that it was feared they would have to withdraw altogether, and await reinforcements, which could not arrive much before Christmas. Such an unfortunate movement would give great strength and confidence to the mutineers. They would be enabled, four or five months hence, to make a more organized and stubborn resistance than they can now. But when Delhi shall have fallen—what next? Are we to believe that the Sepoys will then lay down their arms, and quietly choose between the hangman's rope and being blown from British guns—for this, assuredly, will be the only choice given them? What though Delhi, as the leading British journal suggests, be swept from the face of the earth, and be known, henceforth and forever, only as Sodom and Gomorrah are known, are there not other fortresses in which the mutineers will rally, and where they will fight with all the terrible desperation of men with halters round their necks? The end of this rebellion is not to be seen yet, even in the distance. After the present outbreak shall have been suppressed, a herculean labor remains to be performed in the remodelling of the Indian government. For years a large standing army must be supported in India, at an immense cost to the English people, in order to prevent the recurrence of such atrocities as we have recently recorded. Enormous as the resources of England are, it is impossible to say how they will be able to stand such a drain, or in what degree her future history and predominance among nations will be influenced by the present mutiny.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH ENTERPRISE.

The directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company have resolved to postpone the laying of their cable until next year. This is prudent. It would be an ill-advised step to risk the attempt in October, when the natural obstacles of wind and weather might of themselves entail a second failure. There are many new points in the conduct of the enterprise to be considered, and there is, doubtless, much room for improvement in the necessary machinery. It has been urged that the breaks for regulating the paying out of the cable should not be left to the judgment and attention of any man, no matter how great his skill, but should be governed by a self-acting apparatus. This is obviously a wise and practical suggestion. There are others, too, which merit attention. To prevent the recurrence of such a disaster as that which has already taken place, it is thought advisable to pass the cable through a series of buoys, or, better still, through a second vessel employed for the purpose, so that in case of a break, the wire may be recovered ere it disappears into deep water. These and other suggestions that have been offered are worthy of that earnest consideration which, we doubt not, will be given to them. When the effort to lay the cable shall be renewed next summer, we hope to see every possible accident provided against, and the greatest enterprise of the age finally crowned with success.

TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE CHRISTIANITY?

We have heard a great deal, in the various speculations about the causes of the Indian mutiny, of the overzeal of the British officers and missionaries. We have been told, again and again, that the Hindoos have been maddened into rebellion by the fear of compulsory conversion from idolatry to the Christian faith. In general, these charges are vague, and are not sustained by any direct proof. Beyond the statement that the Governor-General of India, Lord Canning, had, while in England, presided at an Exeter Hall meeting, and being a Christian, is supposed to desire that others should be Christians too; that a Colonel of a native regiment had occasionally preached; and that a Brigadier had had the reckless audacity to read to a company of grumbling Sepoys the parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard, we can find nothing to support the wholesale charge, that the chief fault of British rule, and the cause of its present tottering condition, was the proselytizing spirit of Christian Englishmen. The opponents of the missionary and religious officer have thus far failed to make out a case against them. The best authorities do not give us any proof of too much Christianity, but evidence in abundance of too little, in the conduct of the British conquerors toward their Indian subjects. We need not recall the bloody horrors of the conquest, as we find enough in the subsequent relations of the rulers toward the ruled to make out a charge of iniquity against the former sufficient to account for the rebellion of the latter.

In a letter of Sir Charles Napier, lately published in the London *Times*, we are told of porters procured by thousands to carry a Governor-General's baggage, and then left for above a year and a half unpaid; of cultivators dragged from their fields, along with their carts and bullocks, to convey the baggage and stores of the army, and so taken hundreds of miles, often without any remuneration, till their bullocks died on the road, and their carts had fallen to bits; of men detained in this way months, and sometimes years, from their homes, and then finding on their return their wives in the keeping of the officials who had pressed them; and of organized debaucheries on the part of the governing class calculated to drive the dart deep into the native's soul.

The *Press*, one of the best-informed journals in London, moreover asserts, upon what it declares to be the best authority, that one Resident turned his Residency into a scene of wholesale juvenile prostitution. This is not all; for the same journal declares that it could name an Indian civilian who has boasted openly that when either the parties to a suit before him was a woman and a pretty one, he always made the sacrifice of her honor the price of his decree. Again, we hear of a native regiment openly encouraged by its English commanding officer in schemes of systematic seduction and abduction, in a country where the feeling of the people is so strong on the subject of the misconduct of a woman, that its discovery entails death on her, and subsequently on the husband, father, or brother, whose sacrifice is considered necessary to expiate the family disgrace. And this officer has so far enjoyed the protection of the Government, that he has been able to continue with impunity his outrages upon virtue and humanity, although his cruel audacity was so notorious as to invoke the interference of the police and magistracy.

While so much evidence can be brought forward to prove the *too-little* Christianity of British rule in India, we shall await further developments before we attribute the rebellion to the *too-much* Christianity of Christian officers and missionaries.

EASILY FRIGHTENED.

The United States is like one great nervous system, so closely related in all its parts, and each endowed with so delicate a sensibility that any impression, however slight, wherever made, is felt and diffused at once into a general sensation. Nowhere are men, apparently different in character and diverse of interest, so bound together by a common sympathy of feeling. The metropolitan citizen has his distinctive characteristics, as elsewhere, and so have the villager and the remote rustic, but let the nerves of the one be excited, and all become awakened to a general sensibility. Crime startles a particular neighborhood, and the whole country is immediately in sympathetic horror. Affliction strikes down its victim in one place, and all fall prostrate. Success elates this or that individual, and universal hope is the consequence. Failure strikes its heavy blow here, and great discouragement is felt every where.

It is not difficult to account for this common sympathy and universal impressibility. There is the effect of our equalizing institutions, political and social, which naturally assimilate our people. There is the facility of intercourse by river and railroad, which bring the remotest parts of the country into close approximation, and their inhabitants into frequent personal relation. There is, above all, the popular press, which is diffused every where and read universally. This close connection of the inhabitants of the United States, whatever may be its effect upon individuality of character, certainly establishes a community of feeling. The emotions are more under the influence of sympathy than the mental faculties, and men will often feel alike, although they may think and act differently with the same moral impression. All will probably be startled by the cry of fire, and some may only think of flight, and take to their heels, while others, aroused into the effort of saving their property, do their best to secure it from the conflagration.

We can not have a better illustration of the universal nervous sensibility of the country than in the wide effect of the late Wall Street panic. We do not pretend that it was causeless, for we, in common with all prudent men, believe that it was the natural result of the inevitable ruin that follows in obedience to the absolute law, commercial as well as physical, that expansion beyond strength must end in collapse. We will say, however, that whatever may have been the cause, and however certain in its operation, its effect will be infinitely greater through the common and excessive sensibility of the country than is justified by our financial condition. It is universally conceded that the substantial resources of the country were never more promising. We are rich to superfluity in the abundance of our crops, and our relations of peace with all parts of the world secure to us the hope of continued commercial prosperity. Take the worst feature, as presented by the condition of the finances of our railroads, and however gloomy it may appear at present, is there no brighter hope for the future? The same cause which has produced irremediable disaster in railroad interests in England is not necessarily followed in this country by the same permanency of effect. We have recuperative energies here that they are necessarily deprived of there. The fresh fields and pastures new in our expansive domain ever inviting settlers, the constant influx of immigrants by the hundreds of thousands, the restless enterprise of our own people, and our freedom from national complications to involve in war and to exhaust resource, give us a power of recovering from disaster which no other nation possesses.

CHAT.

MACAULAY A LORD.

Macaulay is to be elevated to the peerage. This is a graceful tribute to genius, and proves, on the part of the British Government, a respect for literature which it has been supposed to have wanted hitherto. Macaulay, though a statesman as well as a writer, has never held that place as a practical statesman which would have secured him the favor of a party. This peerage, therefore, should be considered not as the reward of a partisan.

THE COMFORTS OF RUIN.

"John! a bottle of Champagne."

"A pint, Sir?"

"No, a quart—*I'm ruined!*"

This was an announcement of failure by a mercantile gentleman on his reaching home after a vain attempt to struggle through last week's financial storm. Ruin and Champagne! In old times it would have been ruin and Prussic acid, but *nous avons changé tout cela*. We have made astounding progress, and we not only get faster into trouble but faster out of it than we used to. *I'm ruined*, washed down by Champagne, is not so hard to swallow. A bottle of sparkling Moet is a cheerful incident to relieve the severity of the tragic dénouement *I'm ruined*. Tragic? There is no tragedy in it; it is more like a farce!

It is not astonishing that mercantile failure is borne in this country with great equanimity; for bankruptcy has all the comforts and luxuries of credit, without the disagreeable necessity of paying for them. The grand stone house is not closed, the carriage is not put down, and the wine not sold out. The bankrupt continues to live grandly, to drive superbly, and fare sumptuously; but he does not pay, and there he has the advantage of his careful and conscientious neighbor who does, and whose enjoyments of life are necessarily restricted by economy.

It would seem better in our community to possess a facility of getting into debt than to have all the wealth of a Rothschild. It is so easy to spend other people's money, and so hard to part with one's own, that you will be sure to find more frequent examples of prodigality among those who do not, than among those, however rich, who do pay. We require a higher standard of moral principle to regulate public opinion in regard to bankruptcy. Failure, of course, does not necessarily imply disgrace, but it surely implies either poverty or dishonesty. Poverty, we know, is not ordinarily at home in a palace, and therefore when we find bankruptcy reveling in the Fifth Avenue we infer that we have proof of the other alternative of failure.

OPENING WEEK.

The opening of the opera, the theatres, the schools, and, above all, the opening of the fashions, are the events of the week. A freshly-imported prima donna appears at the Academy of Music, and as we have been diligently informed for months in advance by the hired heralds of her coming that Paris and Vienna sanction her, New York must, of course, bow acquiescence. We are glad to welcome Frezzolini; we are pleased to hear her sing. All, come from where they may, who can administer to our innocent pleasures, are welcome. But let the matter count for what it is worth, and no more. Frezzolini is not a Lind, a Sontag, or an Alboni, and if she were, there is no occasion for rapture. It would be surprising how pertinaciously singers and players are thrust upon the public notice, were it not well understood that it was the result of a systematic business arrangement. Agents are employed, whose special vocation it is to publish biographies, distribute portraits, and secure newspaper notices in advance of the coming of a musical artist. Nothing is left to the judgment of American audiences, whose opinions are supposed to be mere echoes, reverberating distant voices. As a matter of trade these agents do well, for if we do not believe that we are to hear a notability we should be sure not to find out an excellence. Their object is to secure our dollars, and if our curiosity is excited we will pay them freely to see a wonder, when we would not give a cent to gratify a taste. In fact, we have not the taste to gratify. We do not care for Italian music, but we are periodically puffed into the vanity of thinking that we do; and we shall all probably go and hear the Frezzolini, if not to our advantage, certainly to her profit.

The theatres are opening too, with old favorites and new candidates for applause. Charles Mathews appears on one stage, reviving recollections of the fastidious virtue of our city a few short years ago, when the public showed a nice appreciation of matrimonial obligation, and Camille seeks applause on another stage for her reckless disregard of public virtue, and finds what she seeks. Whether audiences are becoming more liberal or less moral we do not pretend to say, but merely mark the change of a few short years.

Of the opening of the fashions the recognized authorities will speak in our columns. In the mean time let our lady readers ask what is Fashion, and who establishes it? Women, no doubt, like yourselves. Well, then, why not try your hand too, and invent a fashion for yourself that it may not only please your taste but become your natural attributes? Why, for instance, should short women make themselves all breadth because tall women invented hoops that they themselves might not be all length? Why should pretty feet hide themselves because those who have ugly ones wear long dresses to conceal their defects? Fashion, however, it must be confessed, is an absolute tyrant; but as it has no right to abrogate the natural laws of beauty, we insist that our beautiful women should strike for independence, and be beautiful as nature made them.

JULLIEN IN TROUBLE.

We find our old friend Jullien figuring at a meeting of the shareholders of the Royal Surrey Gardens Company, under circumstances of personal loss from the bankruptcy of that enterprise, which, as far as Jullien is concerned, every one here will regret. He comes out of the affair in a manner that few can boast of in these days when failure is so often associated with dishonesty. The London *Times* thus records the compliment Jullien received on the occasion, and his acknowledgment:

"The Chairman said he now rose to do a work of sympathy. However the shareholders might think their affairs to have been badly conducted, yet there was one gentleman who had not only been most anxious in his endeavors to promote the prosperity of the Company, but he now was in this position, that, instead of receiving his salary, the checks which had been given to him had been dishonored at the bank; therefore not only was he deprived of his own money, but he had been placed in a very distressing position by not being able to pay his band. He therefore called on them to give M. Jullien a most cordial and hearty vote of thanks for the manner in which he had always endeavored to promote the interests of the Company, expressing with it, at the same time, the sympathy of the shareholders with his position.

"The motion having been seconded and carried with acclamation,

"M. Jullien rose, and, greatly affected, said he had been very miserably treated for the fifteen months that he had been connected with the Company. He had found his thirty years' experience had here been thrown away. The directors had not understood his endeavors. For the past four or five months he had been very badly situated, for he had had to keep his poor fellows in the band for hours for their money, but he could not get his check for £2000 through the bad management. Many of those poor fellows, only getting £2 a week, and having had many years to learn their profession, had to wait for hours before they could get their money to get food for themselves and families. For himself, he had been called to the bosom of his family to rest, but he could not; he had commenced with this, and he would sink with it, as the last man of a ship should do. (Cheers.) He had many times gone into the orchestra when told by his doctor that he would die, but he said it would be an honor to die in his orchestra. (Cheers.) It had been supposed he was rich, but he was not, for he had very heavy expenses to meet in obtaining new music and extending his orchestra. (Hear, hear.) He was a most economical man, for the cost of himself and family at home was not £2 a week. He trusted to God, however, that the concern would next year succeed. He had spent a large fortune in one affair in establishing a national opera, and it had driven him to the Bankruptcy Court. He said he hoped he should never figure again in any thing connected with bankruptcy."

TO MY DEAR NOTT!

O! MEET me dear Nott this evening alone,
In yonder beautiful grot,
And there beneath the dim light of the moon,
I'll sing how I love you dear Nott,
Dear Nott,
How I love and adore you dear Nott!

Far away from the world, and dear Nott from its gaze,
We'll pass a sweet hour of bliss,
While Cupid's soft wing fans our love to a blaze—
O! think my dear Nott of this,
Of this,
O! think my dear Nott of this!

And dear Nott an oath will I breathe to thee then,
That I ever most faithful will prove,
And that I think you by far the noblest of men,
And deserving dear Nott of my love,
My love,
Deserving dear Nott of my love!

I'll love you in health, and in sickness dear Nott
A tear on your pillow I'll shed,
And at last (O! pardon the blissful thought!)
I'll love you dear Nott when we're wed,
Are wed,
Will love you dear Nott when we're wed!

Then meet me dear Nott this evening alone,
For the heavens are bright and fair,
And wait for me love on the mossy stone,
For I'll be sure dear Nott to be there,
Be there,
I'll be sure my dear Nott to be there!

And when once I have sworn that I love you dear Nott,
And when the long hours have sped,
You'll remember forever the beautiful grot,
And I'll love you dear Nott till you're dead,
Are dead,
I'll love you dear Nott till you're dead!

LETTER FROM NORTH CONWAY.

MR. EDITOR,—You have given us accounts of numerous popular watering-places, sketches from favorite springs, letters from romantic resorts, and descriptions of cockney excursions; but with all this you have not taken much notice of Conway—North Conway I mean. Now Conway is a very interesting place. A few years ago it lay sound asleep at the foot of the New Hampshire Hills, waiting the awakening kiss from that enthusiastic explorer whose destiny it was to reveal its charms to the rest of the world, and to rouse it into life and activity. Who the enterprising person may have been that performed the part of Columbus to this drowsy little village I know not; some stray artist probably, crazy for "subjects," frantic for "bits;" but he has trumpeted his discovery to some purpose, for the slumbering beauty is now an acknowledged attraction, and bids fair, in a short time, to become worldly, sophisticated, expensive, probably crowded, and maybe (Forbid it, Heaven! we hermits cry) even *fashionable*. At present, thank goodness! no one here understands the meaning of that word—at least, if we do, 'tis in the sense that it is the fashion among us to be unfashionable. There is not, actually, such a thing as a *belle* in the place; and we go *minus* hoop, crinoline, or even corded petticoat if we like. I leave you to judge of the consequent flatness of things!

But Conway is thought to be a very charming spot. The standard of the white umbrella is annually raised on the hills above, and who dare revolt against *it*, I should like to know? Add to that, it is loved of New Englanders, patronized by Bostonians, and is, in short, the resort of "very superior people," people artistic enough and intellectual enough to make one feel exceedingly uncomfortable, and to give one what our grandmothers called the vapors—in modern phrase, I believe, the fidgets. Flirting is unheard of. A little spiritualism reigns instead, mingled with some transcendentalism and a good deal of pedestrianism. With all these isms, and all this "mind," it appears likewise to be a favorite resort of numerous disappointed Cœlebs who wish *not* to find wives; but in avoiding the Scylla of a crowded watering-place they seem to have plunged themselves head foremost into a very Charybdis of spinsterhood, for I must say the number of—maids (I abstain from any adjective) and bachelors to be seen here, no longer in their first youth, is something quite marvelous and Shakerish. Children, too, abound. It is a capital place to bring them, you know; they can grow industriously all day long, and can go to sleep at night, instead of remaining to imitate the manners of their elders in the Schottische when they ought to be tucked up in bed. They can also run and scramble about any where without being told to take care of their clothes; and their mothers are not troubled with little scenes and sulks because their infantine "dresses" have "not so many flounces as Matilda Jenkins's!"

At no age, however, is costume at Conway a cause of ruin. Economy and calico rule the day, and Merrimac is decidedly in the ascendant. A *burraidge*, as one damsel styles a certain fabric, is looked upon as frivolous, and a modest, unpretending silk, that would be dowdy elsewhere, becomes in this primitive village a mark of foolish gayety and very reprehensible extravagance. A smart little bride, thrown by accident from her cometic path into the midst of these intellectual economists, roused considerable indignation by the misplaced elegances of her *trousseau;* and for the twenty-four hours of her sojourn the lean little thing met with a good deal of contumely. A wickedly-beautiful *lorette*, with a toilet of irreproachable elegance and unapproachable extravagance, could not have been treated with more envious contempt. But, really, of what earthly use is a blue silk morning robe, faced with velvet, when the wearer intends strolling through the woods? and what becomes of fringed flounces along a road six inches deep in dust?

However, it is not often our principles are thus severely tried: brides and bridegrooms are by no means common among us, nor do we lie sufficiently in the beaten track of travel to render the sleeping upon carpet-bags an incident of daily experience. Far from it. Calm and serene is the tenor of our way; and once within the precincts of North Conway, I defy an ordinary intellect to be able to get away again. There are literally no recognized means of leaving the place. What can you do, therefore, but bide your time, and see what may be in store for you? I believe, indeed, it *is* possible, if you rise at some unheard-of hour of the night, and by dint of golden arguments induce some one to drive you to the nearest stage route, half a dozen miles off—I believe, in this manner, you *can* manage to escape the somniferous atmosphere of North Conway, and may ultimately reach your home sane and free. But to carry out such a plan requires not only superhuman energy, but a very bad bed. The consequence of such a state of things is, that those whom fate has once led in this direction find themselves compelled to drink of the Lethean cup, and to spend the summer oblivious of all things, in a drowsy condition of soul and body, compared to which the silence of Sleepy Hollow becomes the very clamor of Wall Street.

Nothing in the way of an opiate can equal this village on a summer afternoon. The sun himself seems under his own influence, and strikes down upon us with a heavy, indolent heat; the only two trees we possess have lost all power of waving their limbs—not a leaf stirs; the shadows themselves are too languid to lengthen; the hours seem too lazy to move. The intellectual people are snoozing over their studies; the artists, abandoning sketching and enthusiasm, are snoring soundly, pencil in hand, among their "subjects" in the hazy hills; the excursionists are miles away, probably dozing also, after their picnic repast. An old gentleman, seated on the piazza of our most lively hotel—the only mortal in sight—nods over a superannuated newspaper. The robin on the hot grass is almost too inert to return to his nest, if it were not for pussy, who is very sleepy too, but endeavors, with one eye open, to pursue her ornithological observations. After long intervals of deep repose, the shadows in the vale may be slowly crossed by something in a broad hat or sun-bonnet, but I need not say the species of head-gear styled "wide-awake" is quite unknown here, and has, probably, never been heard of. Let the individual whose heart is seared by the turmoils of the world—who desires peace and quietness to restore tone to his jaded system—let him by all means resort to North Conway, and rest from his woes; he'll be surprised when he comes to find how little there is to disturb him in this hot little valley. Day by day the same sunny stillness; night by night the same universal silence; no polkas to irritate his feelings; no balls to fritter away his time; nothing, in short, to break the death-like quiet—unless, indeed, some very remarkable event, such as the stage arriving pretty near to its allotted hour, should rouse the inhabitants from their apathy, and give them something to communicate or to comment upon for the succeeding week.

The curious thing is, that after a certain period of endurance—after so many days' influence—visitors, like the inhabitants, come to the conclusion that their gentle hamlet is a very fast place indeed—a place of almost fatiguing excitement. Its one scene of dissipation is a solitary bowling-alley, where I have the testimony of a close observer that no woman has made a strike this season (I forbear to perpetrate a wretched pun, and say I saw no striking creatures about)! As to having a spare, I was going to add there seemed to me many very spare indeed! But the balls roll lazily and ineffectually, and the pins stand up, narrow and rigid, like the native Yankee figure, refusing to be knocked over; as to one pin ever hitting another, their national independence entirely precludes that. But the alley is considered extremely popular, in fact rather dangerously thronged, if a couple of strings are played through in one day; and a very interesting game, on an average hit of two pins per player, was interrupted yesterday afternoon by the absorbing news of Mrs. ——'s horse lying down in the river that morning, and refusing to ford the stream, as it was intended he should do. We were intensely agitated by this occurrence, and as reports came in that the animal had persisted in making a bath of the Saco's rocky bed, and yet later, that the fair driver had been compelled to leave him there, and to ford the river herself, holding up her skirts beyond all decency, the popular excitement became very great indeed.

Another remarkable incident occurred quite recently. Mr. ——, the artist, lost two sketches on the hills; they were afterward found rolled up in the wagon belonging to the K—— House, and unless that virtuous spinster, Miss ——, had had them in her possession, how came they there, pray? This question has not yet been satisfactorily answered, spite of the social anxiety on the subject; for, as I said before, a pleasing Platonism is allowed between the sexes, but nothing "more tenderer" has ever yet been known. In that respect, this intellectual community is nearer heaven than most places, for there seems to be neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

For those who have strength enough to throw off the morphitic effects of this serene abode, there are numerous charming excursions waiting to be enjoyed—numerous charming views ready to be appreciated, by those who can manage to keep their eyes open. But for those who can't, the best thing, I believe, is to turn and flee. If I remain another week I shall not have vigor enough left to live. It is with the utmost difficulty that I even say good-by. But it must be said, therefore adieu.

Yours, drowsily.

THE CONFESSION.

I AM glad that you have come,
Arthur, from the dusty town;
You must throw aside your cares,
And relax your legal frown.
Coke and Littleton, avaunt!
You have ruled him through the day:
In this quiet, sylvan haunt
Be content to yield your sway.

It is pleasant—is it not?—
Sitting here beneath the trees,
While the restless wind above
Ripples over leafy seas?
Often when the twilight falls,
In the shadow—quite alone—
I have sat till starlight came,
Listening to its monotone.
Yet not always quite alone.
Brother, let me take the place
Just behind you; now the moon
Shines no longer in my face.

It is near two months ago
Since I met him, as I think
By God's mercy, when my horse
Trembled on the river's brink.
I had fallen, but his arm
Firmly seized the bridle-rein,
And, with one decided grasp,
Drew me back to life again.
I was grateful, and essayed
Fitting words my thanks to speak:
Arthur, when the heart feels most,
Words, I think, are oftenest weak.

So I stammered, and I fear
What I said had little grace;
But I knew he understood,
By the smile upon his face.
There are faces—his was such—
That are sealed when in repose:
Only when a smile floods out
All the soul in beauty glows.
With that smile I grew content,
And my heart grew strangely calm,
As with trustful step I walked,
My arm resting on his arm.

Brother, turn your face away,
So, dear, I can tell you best
All that followed; but be sure
You are looking to the west.
Arthur, I have seen him since
Nearly every day, until
If I lose him, all my life
Would grow wan, and dark, and chill.
Brother, this my love impute
Not to me for maiden-shame;
He has sought me for his wife,
He would crown me with his name.
Only yesterday he said
That my love his life would bless;
Would I grant it? Arthur, dear,
Was I wrong in saying "Yes?"

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

LA FIAMMINA.

EVERY one has of course gone to see "La Fiammina," or rather—to be more correct—gone to see Miss Heron in that character. It would not be the province of a Man about Town to be absent, where all the world was present; so installing myself in white gloves, and packing my opera-glass in its leather sling, I proceeded to Wallack's Theatre on Miss Heron's opening night.

I had seen her before—seen her in that much-abused play of "Camille;" I had seen her, I say, and got a sensation. She had scarcely entered when I recognized the actress by inspiration. I scarcely breathed—for she absolutely walked the stage as if it was an ordinary drawing-room. I scarcely moved—for when she spoke to one of the characters on the stage she did not turn her face to the private boxes; nay, she dared to turn her back occasionally to the audience! I was petrified—for she talked the commonplaces of the play in a purely colloquial voice, and did not say "How do you do?" in the same tone in which she would have said "No! yes! it is—can it be—my long-lost, murdered father?" I was delighted with the freshness of her innovations. She was daring enough to play the unhappy heroine of the piece to the life; others that I had seen perform it, in their anxiety to keep their skirts clear of any personal comments, consequent on the equivocal *rôle* they assumed, reduced Camille from a high-spirited, poetical, unfortunate, but exceptional woman, to a namby-pamby talking doll, whose improprieties were all the more glaring from their not being redeemed by a trace of intellectuality. Miss Heron always seems to think about her parts. Her scenes hang together. There is a gradual progress from the first act to the last—what may be called a progress of moods; that is to say, she frequently, long before hand, prepares the audience by some subtle means (forcible enough to be felt, but too vague to be defined) for some inevitable action that is to be. I once saw the thing done before, when Miss Cushman played Romeo, and in the early scenes of that play, which are entirely comic, it seemed, through some marvelous power of the actress, as though we could hear the hollow sounds of tragedy and death piercing the gay foreground of revelry and feasting.

"La Fiammina" is the production of a M. Mario Uchard, a gentleman who, being unfortunate in his matrimonial relations, sought refuge in the French consolation of public sorrow, and accordingly parades his woes upon the stage in this piece. I read the piece in French. It is suited to a Parisian audience, who have an astonishing forbearance for a whole act of talk. "Fiammina" is very talky indeed in the original; and, whether from the fact that talkiness is more unbearable in English or not, I am inclined to think Miss Heron's version still more prosy than M. Uchard's.

"Fiammina," in the French, is what, with our Puritan principles, we would call decidedly immoral. Miss Heron, knowing this, has endeavored to make it moral. The consequence is that every thing is topsy-turvy. The piece is an interminable mass of inconsistencies. "Fiammina" is improper, and she isn't improper. She has a lover, yet she hasn't a lover. She is invited by a respectable French gentleman into the bosom of his family, but who refuses his daughter to her son on the score of the connection. She runs away from her husband, and yet claims her innocence. Her name is tainted, and her character spotless. In short, by the time of the ending of the fourth act, one's brain is in a perfect whirl, and feels as if it was in the first stages of the inhalation of chloroform. This is all naturally enough the consequence of the intellectual dislocation to which Miss Heron has subjected the play. Her means of accomplishing this are also amusing enough. The second act, which is intended to join the mutilated ends of M. Uchard's bleeding production with a ligature of morality, has been extracted from young Dumas's play of the *Demi Monde!* One improper play ministering to another! The homeopathic principle, I suppose—*similia, similibus curantur*.

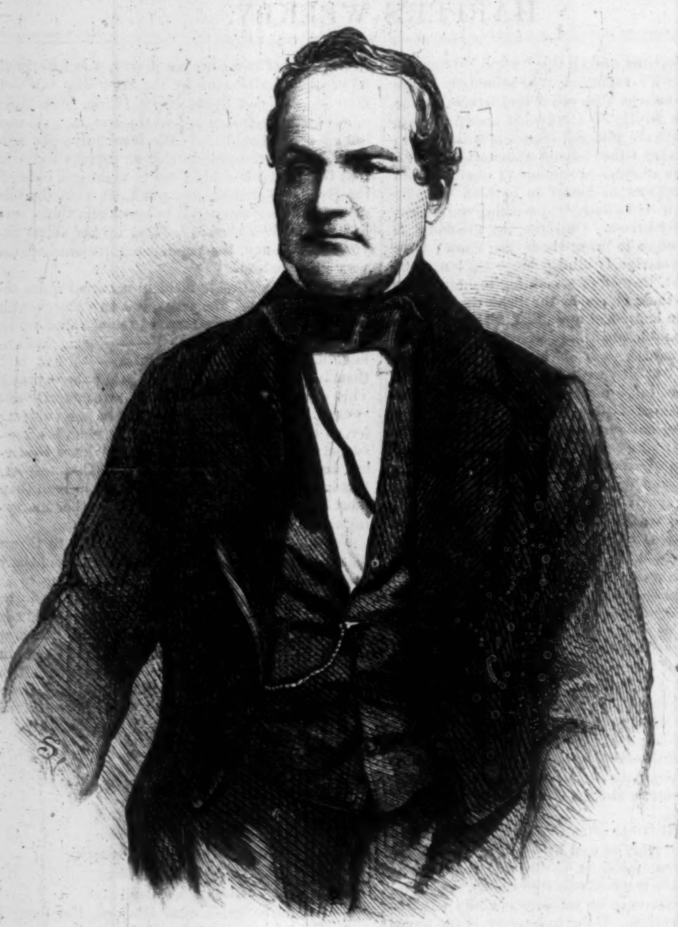
If Miss Heron has failed in accomplishing as an authoress that which is impossible, she can sit beneath the laurels she has gathered as an artist, and defy the pelting of criticism. With some faults, her "Fiammina" is an extraordinary performance. The part in it is insignificant enough, and the play is insufferably heavy as a whole; yet she performs the Atlantean prodigy of supporting that tremendous mass upon her own shoulders. She has that rare quality in her voice which makes you listen, no matter how meagre the sentiment that she utters. It is a sympathetic, vibrating voice. It is not loud, but then it reaches you distinctly whatever part of the house you may be in, and goes straight to your heart. I will not say that it is not at times too drening and lackadaisical; but in spite of all that, it is like Rachel's voice—imperious in its domination over the attention of an audience.

Miss Heron makes few points in "Fiammina," because she has few points to make. But those few are admirably managed. Her first silent interview with her son. Her mute struggle between the mother's impulse and the voice of her conscience. That face, so full of wild, hopeless grief, flashing whitely back upon the young man as she drags her unwilling feet away; the pretext of gathering up the shawl as she goes out, in order to have one more look at his face—all this, I say, was incomparable.

So her disclosure at the end of the fourth act. As a burst of agony it was heart-rending. The terrible convulsion that possessed that face, tearful and frenzied, can not be said to be art. It was greater—for it was nature!

Still, in spite of the great genius of the principal character, in spite of her prestige, in spite of the good acting of some of the performers—Mr. Davenport and Mrs. Allen, for instance—"Fiammina" was no success. Miss Heron *was* a success, but her play tottered on the verge of failure. I must compliment the artist at the expense of the authoress.

Cruel and ungallant as it may seem, I can scarcely regret the non-success of the play. Miss Heron is made for better things than playing singers under a cloud and women of pleasure with the consumption. There can be found a noble and pathetic character in woman, without her running away from her husband or ruining a young man. I am not in the least what is called "old fogy." I am not distinguished for a Cromwellian sternness of morality, but I think, nevertheless, that "Camille" and "Fiammina" both belong to a bad school of play; I think that Miss Heron does herself and the public an injustice by making such her *pièces de résistance;* I think that character, incident, interest, and nature can all be found without going behind the *coulisses* of the Opera, or rummaging the *Lorette* quarter of Paris.



HON. ISAAC HAZLEHURST.

THE CANDIDATES FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP OF PENNSYLVANIA.

IN view of the important election soon to take place in our neighbor State, Pennsylvania, we present to our readers this week portraits of the three men who have been chosen by their respective parties to represent the principles and interests at issue in the present election.

WILLIAM F. PACKER, who received the nomination of the Democratic party for the office of Governor of Pennsylvania, was born in Centre County, in that State, on the 2d of April, 1807. He is, therefore, now but a few months past his fiftieth year. He comes of a respectable family, most of whom in the past generation were members of the Society of Friends. His father died when young Packer was but seven years old, leaving five small children to the care of his widow. The father was during his life a laboring man. He left but little property, and William, the eldest, was obliged—young as he was—to begin to earn his bread by hard and constant toil. At the age of twelve he obtained employment as "devil" in the printing-office of the Sunbury *Public Inquirer*, then edited by his cousin, S. J. Packer. He desired to become a printer. This was in 1819. The following year the *Inquirer* was discontinued; and young Packer, thrown out of employment there, returned to Bellefonte, and "served out" his apprenticeship in the composing-room of the Bellefonte *Patriot*. In 1825, being now a journeyman printer, he proceeded to Harrisburg, and there found steady employment as a compositor for that and the two following years. At the close of 1827 he purchased an interest in the *Lycoming Gazette*, published at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and in 1829 became sole proprietor and editor of that sheet. During that year, too, he was married.

General Packer retained the control of the *Gazette* for about nine years, during which time he proved himself an ardent supporter of Democratic measures and men—assisting with pen and voice at the elections of Jackson and Van Buren, and contributing materially to the success of his favorite party in Pennsylvania.

When, in 1832, a system of internal improvements was being devised in Pennsylvania, and the preponderating influence of Philadelphia was about to deprive the region about Williamsport of its proper share in these improvements, Packer's voice and influence contributed to obtain a revision of the Improvement Bill, whereby justice was done. In 1835 he was appointed superintendent over a portion of the Public Works; and in the autumn of the same year became a candidate for the Senate, but, owing to adverse combinations, was defeated. The following year he became one of the proprietors and editors of the Harrisburg *Keystone*, and this connection was continued till 1841.

Political preferment soon became his. In 1839 he was appointed Canal Commissioner. In May, 1843, he received the appointment of Auditor-General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which difficult office he seems to have filled for the space of three years with remarkable success. In 1846 he was elected to Congress from the district where he was a resident. Such was the respect entertained for him by those in whose deliberations he now for the first time took part, and so high the character he had established for himself among public men, that he was chosen Speaker of the House—an honor very seldom conferred upon a new member. He filled this difficult post with creditable success. In 1848 he was re-elected to the House of Representatives, and on the opening of Congress, again chosen Speaker.

In person General Packer is above the ordinary size, and of robust frame, fair complexion, lively face, and agreeable manners. He is a ready political speaker and writer, and his long familiarity with the political and other interests of his native State give him an unusual command of facts, which a thorough acquaintance with the principles of law and long-practiced skill in argument enable him to make good use of.

DAVID WILMOT, the Republican candidate, was born in Bradford County, Pennsylvania. He studied law under Judge Woodward, then one of the Supreme Judges of the State, and yet on the Bench; settled in Bradford County, and began practice in 1833. He was married in 1835, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and for a short time thereafter was secretary to the Superintendent of the North Branch Canal. Resigning this, he held no further public office, but continued in the practice of his profession till the fall of 1844. In the pursuit of his profession he traveled a circuit composed of half a dozen of the most important counties in the northern part of the State, and was known throughout as a shrewd and talented lawyer. During this time, too, he took an active part in politics, supporting, in 1836 and 1840, Mr. Van Buren, and in 1844 Mr. Polk, for the Presidency, and adhering steadfastly to the Democratic party.

He took his seat in the National House of Representatives in December, 1845, retaining it till March, 1851, a period of six years. During the session of 1846–7 he offered his celebrated Proviso upon the subject of the Territories to be acquired from Mexico. It was offered as an amendment to what was known as "The Two Million Bill." During his Congressional term he took an active part in all the debates of the House, and, while not considered a brilliant speaker, was regarded as an able and pointed debater, knowing how to make a practical use of the large store of facts and statistics of which he was possessed.

In 1851 he supported Governor Bigler, and took an active share in his election. In 1852 the Legislature struck off a new Judicial District, composed of the Counties of Bradford, Tioga, and Susquehanna, and in the autumn of the same year he was elected to the newly created judgeship. This post he held until the 7th of July of the present year, when, upon accepting the Republican nomination for Governor, he sent in his resignation. The nomination was made on March 25th of the present year.

Mr. Wilmot acted steadfastly with the Democratic party till 1852, when he abandoned its ranks.

In 1854, he advocated the election of Joseph Pollock, the American candidate for governor. Since then he has continued to act with the anti-Democratic party in his State. He wields a preponderating influence in the District where he resides, and where he has long labored in his profession.

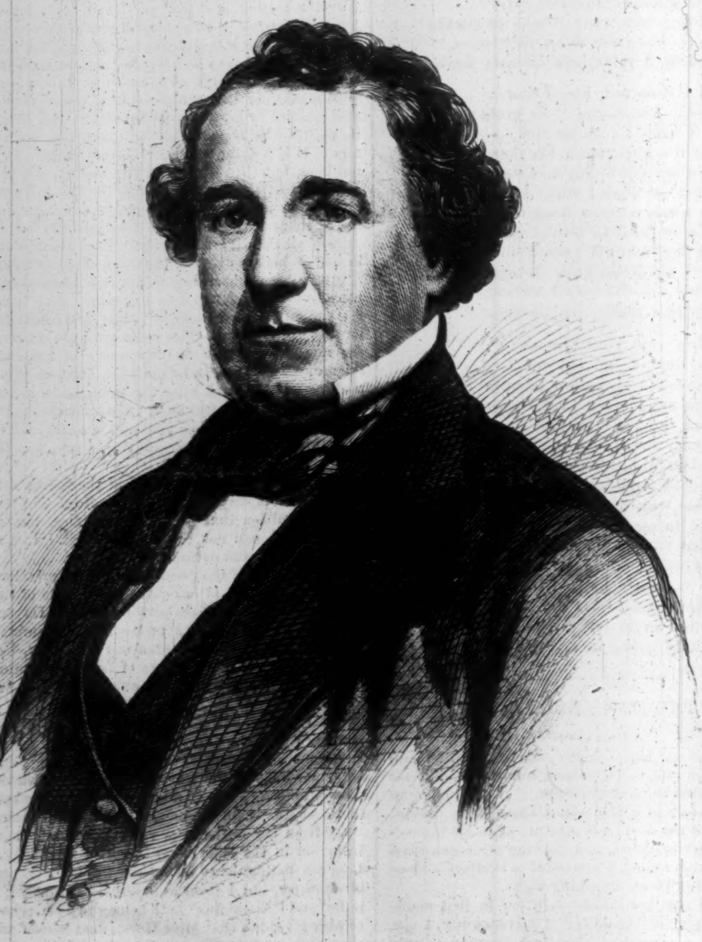
Judge Wilmot is now about forty-four years of age. He has light hair, blue eyes, and florid complexion; stands six feet high, and is stoutly built, with a decided tendency to corpulence.

ISAAC HAZLEHURST, the American candidate for the Governorship of Pennsylvania, was born in Philadelphia, November 27, 1812. He is therefore now in his 46th year. His parents, although not wealthy, were able to give him a liberal education. He began his studies at a good private school, and entered Trinity College, at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1826, at the early age of fourteen. He graduated in 1829, with high class honors. It is said that during his college years he displayed a pre-eminent talent for oratory, and gave the promise then, since well fulfilled, of becoming an eloquent and effective speaker.

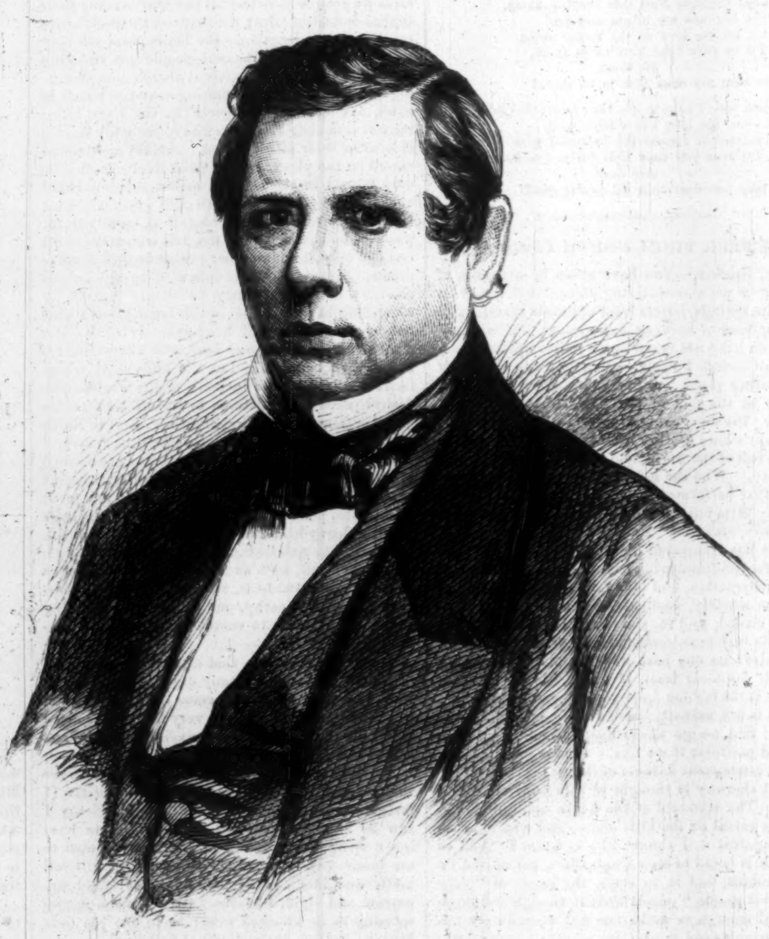
On leaving College he entered the law office of Hon. J. R. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, and in 1832 was admitted to the Bar, and soon attained an extensive and lucrative practice. Although always taking a lively interest in political matters, and speaking often for the measures and men he most admired, he continued in private life until 1845. In that year he was sent to the State Legislature by the Whigs of Philadelphia. He served the session through, but declined a re-election. Again from 1846 to 1854 he devoted himself steadily to his profession; taking, however, in 1850, an active stand in behalf of Mr. Clay's compromise measures. From early youth he was an ardent supporter of Mr. Clay, and his measures and principles; and the last he has remained steadfast to. He has frequently represented his native city in the State and National Councils of the old Whig party.

In 1854 he was elected City Solicitor of Philadelphia, being the candidate, on this occasion, of the Whig and American parties. In 1852 he was a member (from Philadelphia) of the Whig National Convention, which met at Baltimore. He there advocated the nomination of Millard Fillmore. Again, in 1856, he was a member of the American Convention which met at Philadelphia, and here again he advocated the cause of Mr. Fillmore.

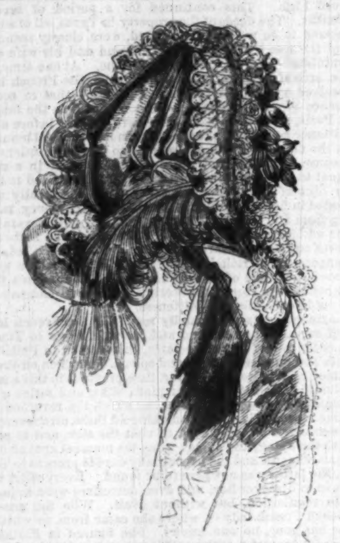
Mr. Hazlehurst is best known as a sagacious and eloquent lawyer, and has for some years taken a foremost rank among the members of the Philadelphia bar. He has been retained, on one side or the other, in some of the most noted criminal trials tried in the Pennsylvania Courts within the last ten years, and has always, we believe, gained for himself credit for masterly eloquence and logical precision of thought; and, both as lawyer and citizen, he enjoys the respect of the community among whom he has passed his life.



HON. DAVID WILMOT.



GENERAL WILLIAM F. PACKER.



FASHIONABLE HATS AND THEIR TRIMMINGS.

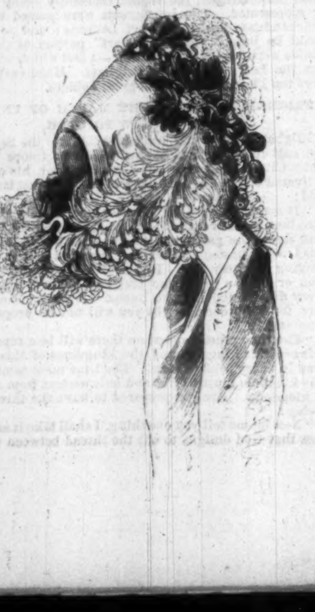
NAPOLEON stamped his feet, took an enormous pinch of snuff, and grumbled loudly when he had to pay for thirty-six new bonnets in one month for Josephine. We fear the lords of creation in this latitude will have good occasion about this time to fret and scold too. Fashion never offered so many tempting baits to "our ladies" as at this moment, and they are springing eagerly, like so many trout, at the brightly-colored bits of ribbon and feather dangling from Broadway shop and window.

Every woman knows what is meant by Opening-day; and every man, if father or husband, however innocently unconscious, has it brought, in the course of time, vividly to his comprehension, by a bill to pay. In the middle of this month there is a week sacred to Fashion, and its worshipers do not fail to show their devotion by thronging its temples in crowds, and freely submitting to its exacting demands upon their obedience. From the fifteenth to the twenty-first of September, or thereabout, you will see the streets crowded with these female devotees. Their devotion is of a cheerful kind, as it may well be, for all the penance undergone is suffered vicariously through their husbands' pockets. Fashion has, like other religions, its select places of worship. There is the private chapel in Waverley Place, and the half dozen lesser shrines in and about Broadway, where the St. Lawsons, and Mitchells, and Dugals, and Lentzes, and Harrises, have their niches, prepared to impose the blessings of Fashion upon the heads of their worshipers, in the shape of new bonnets—or hats, as we in the United States insist upon calling them—and receive in return the prodigal offerings of the faithful.

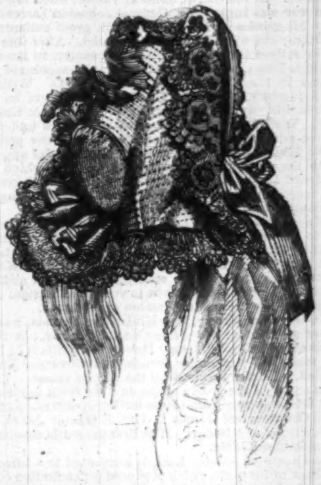
Every duty, social or domestic, must yield to the claims of the opening-days of the fashionable week. No woman would dare to show her head in Broadway or at church if not crowned with a halo of the latest Fall fashion, and how is such a glorification to be secured without the most diligent devotion at the shrines of Fashion? Accordingly the whole week is piously devoted to this importunate duty, and as each shrine is visited in turn, there is not a day without its obligation.

There is no reasoning about woman's devotion to Fashion, for every one knows that it does not necessarily conduce to utility or ornament. No one will pretend, for example, that the coal-skuttle hats of our grandmothers are handsome, as no one will venture to claim that the present little, flimsy head-coverings are useful. What lady of your acquaintance puts on her hat to protect her from the cold, the rain, or the sun? There is not a woman in existence who would not rather brave all the storms of heaven, bare-headed, than expose her fashionable covering to a single drop of rain. A female hat is neither useful nor comfortable, and our ladies know it, and will confess that their greatest trouble in life is to take care of it. It can't get wet, it can't be exposed to the sun, and it can't be squeezed without being spoiled and becoming unfit for going out, or any thing but being turned over to Lucille the nurse or Bridget the cook. The fashionable female hat is nothing, after all, but a caprice, and, as a caprice, all we insist is that it should not be offensive to taste. Let those who pay for it—fifty dollars, more or less—grumble about the cost; we, as spectators, shall be satisfied if it prove an ornament.

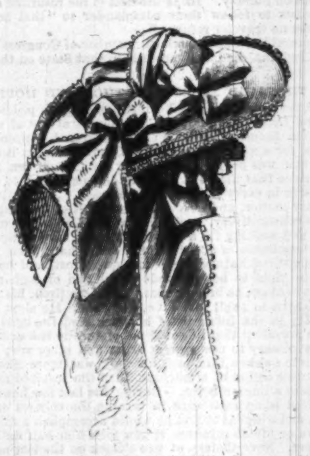
The present style of fashionable bonnet we think, undoubtedly, an immense improvement in taste upon those old gig-covers in the remote distance of which our beauties of the past used to hide their pretty faces. The fashionable hat of the present day has become more like a head-dress, subordinate, as it should be, to that most beautiful of all ornaments, the hair. With its graceful slope and its flowing trimmings, it blends readily with the flexibility of the long locks which crown naturally the head of woman. It is an approach to the simple and always graceful vail of the Spanish beauty, which falls, ordinarily, in easy folds from the hair-knot behind, whence it can be readily, with a simple movement of the hand, brought forward to interpose a screen before the pretty face it hides and the too importunate gaze of a provoked curiosity.



We are a little too fond of bright and flaunting colors, although, with the clearness of our atmosphere, which brings out every tint in such strong relief, we have less occasion for them than most people. The ladies believe that they are implicitly following the French fashions, but the milliners know better, and are obliged to suit the tastes of their American customers by a very considerable exaggeration, both as to color and form, of the Parisian styles. The neutral tints, for example, are much more in vogue in Paris than with us. The sober grays or the demure browns, however, will be rejected by our beauties for the fiery reds or flashing yellows. The fashionable female hat (and this applies to other articles of American toilet), too, is much more overloaded with trimming than its supposed French model, and this is done not only to please the taste for what is prominent and flaring, but to gratify the desire for what is costly. We do not know how much Napoleon had to pay for the thirty-six bonnets of Josephine, but we will wager a new Fall hat against fifty dollars (the stakes being about equal) with any fashionable woman in Fifth Avenue, that the Empress's three dozen did not cost as much as a single dozen that we can select of those purchased this week in Waverley Place.

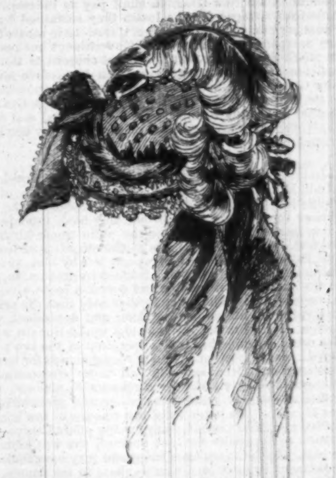


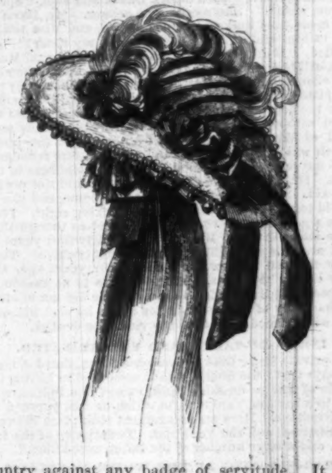
The transitions of Fashion are so frequent and necessarily gradual, that it is difficult to catch the slight shades of difference between them from season to season. The Fall only varies enough from the Summer hat to justify Fashion in the purchase of a new one. No woman would be less comfortable and less attractive if, for the coming three months, she would forego the expense of that "sweet pet of a Fall hat" she caught a sight of at Mitchell's the other day, and wear nothing but that "old Summer straw." There is hardly any difference between the two. The shapes are about the same, with perhaps, in the Fall hat, a trifle more of a lap forward on the head. They are both made of straw, and the only variation in the trimmings is that the Autumn hat has velvet and flowers, while the Summer one has ribbons and ditto. But ladies judge for yourselves, as now you have eight of the choicest patterns before your eyes stamped by Fashion itself as the perfection of taste and skill. Your own taste can supply the color, whether it be mazarine blue, black, a sober brown, or a brilliant scarlet. If you will take our advice, it will be one of the more quiet tints. The prettiest hat we have seen is a close, variegated straw, trimmed with maroon velvet, and adorned with acorns and oak-leaves, and the smallest dash of that caterpillar-like chenille now so much in vogue. You need not put any lace upon your hat, for it will only add to the cost, and not improve its beauty, in male eyes at least, and particularly just now, when Wall Street is tight, and every one wishes to draw the purse-strings in sympathetic stricture.



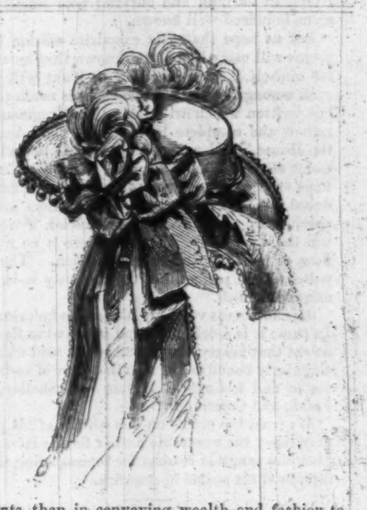
WHO KEEP THEIR CARRIAGES?

IT is not many years since that any old inhabitant of New York could tell the name at least of the proprietor of each of the score of private carriages kept in the city. The increased wealth and luxury of our metropolis have no more marked indication than the change in this respect. We see the streets now crowded with elegant equipages, and we do not pretend either to count or recognize them. We suppose that there may be more than a thousand private carriages kept in the city of New York, at an aggregate annual expense of not less than a couple of millions of dollars. There are individuals who have at this moment, singly, almost as many horses and vehicles, for private use, as were possessed thirty years ago by the whole community. What would our sober citizens have thought then of one of their number who kept thirty-six horses in his stable, and a proportionate number of carriages in his coach-house? Yet we know of a substantial man of business, who has always paid his notes and will no doubt continue to pay them, who has at this time just the number of horses and carriages we have mentioned. Who, in those early days of simplicity, a score of years ago, could have kept his horses and credit at the same time, and have ventured to drive to his daily dry-goods in a *coupé* with a pair of spanking bays? As a general rule, the New York private equipages do not make a display at all equal to those of London and Paris. There seems but little effort for dashing effect. The carriages and equipments are generally simpler with us in taste, but no less costly than the most gorgeous ever turned out from Long Acre. The coachmen and footmen, though they occasionally show a cockade (which, by-the-by, in Europe, is considered as the distinctive mark of the servants of either the military or state officer), a velvet band and buckle, a long coat with a row of plate buttons, a pair of white-topped boots or long yellow gaiters, are generally without livery. There is still a pride, which the rawest Hibernian flunkey catches as soon as he arrives, that rebels in this country against any badge of servitude. It requires, we are told, an addition of five dollars at least to the month's wages, and a free gift of the liveried suit, to overcome this newly-acquired Republican repugnance on the part of our imported Yellowplushes. From this difficulty on the score of livery there is less show, necessarily, and a less attempt at it, perhaps, in consequence of the fact that there is, with our miscellaneously-crowded streets, and want of city drives, hardly an opportunity for display. With the Central Park once open, we shall have, doubtless, as brilliant an array of splendid carriages showing off in its broad avenues as ever rolled through Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne.





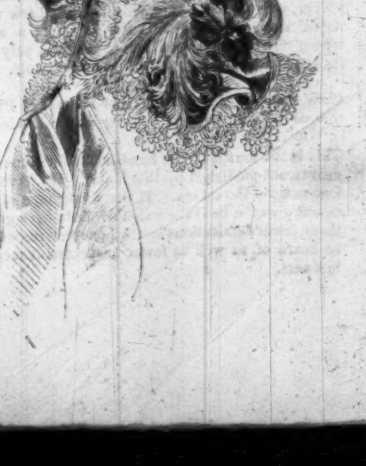
With the facilities of the democratic omnibus and the city rail-car there is hardly any occasion for a private carriage on the score of convenience. We believe there is hardly one out of a hundred kept for any such purpose. Were it not for the reflection, so satisfactory to the pride of wealth, "We keep our carriage!" we believe every one, rich or poor, would take his sixpenny ride in the public conveyance. While fashionable wealth merely prides itself upon its expensive finery, it will have to submit to a good many severe rebukes to its pretensions. In New York at least, the fact, "We keep a carriage," is no longer an evidence of riches or respectability. Some of the finest equipages which daily roll through Broadway belong to courtesans and gamblers; and fine horses prance no less proudly as they draw vice to its gilded haunts, than in conveying wealth and fashion to their brilliant resorts. So it was long since; and we remember the grumblings of Madame du Barri (who thought she had a right, sinner as she was, to throw stones from behind a throne) at the insolent pomp of a Mademoiselle Beaupré, who dared, on the drive of Longchamps, to surpass her own "modest" turn-out of four white horses harnessed with blue-and-gold, and driven by coachman and jockeys in white. "Mine," she says, "was very simple, but very beautiful; but could I, alas! vie in magnificence, for example, with that fresh nymph of Venus, so young and so beautiful, who displayed more than luxury, and at whose feet a couple of Americans seem to have poured all the wealth of the mines of Peru. I saw her make her appearance in a carriage the panels of which were of porcelain, painted with the most delicious pictures, and framed with copper doubly gilt, the lining of scarlet embroidered with silver, the four horses of a jet black, and adorned with red and silver ribbons, the coachman's seat covered with satin and trimmed with massive fringe, and the liveries of silk and silver lace. I and a great many others," she concludes, "were piqued by this insolent display, which by no means became a creature of that kind." We have fashionable grumblers too, complaining that they can not have all the display and magnificence to themselves, and that vice will not only compete with, but outdo them in showy splendor. They will have to strip off the trappings of lace and gilt, and take to plain drapery, if it be only to save their characters. Now that fine houses, fine furniture, and fine equipages are no longer distinctive of honest wealth and fashionable exclusiveness, we shall look for an effort at higher culture, superior refinement, and a chaster taste among those who have money and the time and disposition to spend it. No class in our country, however gifted by fortune, can sustain its pretensions to superiority without that superiority which is based upon pre-eminent taste and cultivation. Wealth need not become sordid, for it can gratify, in art, literature, and refined pleasure, all its love of expense, without any of that grossness and vulgarity which now so commonly accompany it.



LITERARY.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT, now first entirely Collected, Revised by Himself, and Edited, with an Introduction, *by S. Adams Lee.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Blue-and-Gold Series is much enriched by these volumes. The collection is made "by authority," and is specially interesting for the introductory letter by the distinguished author himself—which is thoroughly Leigh Hunt, and therefore most thoroughly English. The old man is somewhat garrulous, and talks of himself and his works, and their success on this side of the Atlantic, in a manner that shows his susceptibility to flattery. Mr. Lawrence, it seems, when Minister at the Court of St. James, told him that his name was a household word in America, and the poet believed him, and says, with a sigh that is amusing, "I could not help being reminded, I must own, by the very popularity, how unprofitable it had been to me." The Embassador should not have risked an idle compliment on such ready ears. It is hardly possible that if Mr. Hunt had all the profits of the sales of all his poetical works in America it would make a perceptible difference in the weight of his purse. As the last surviving relic of a day of splendid literature, as the friend of Lamb, and



Coleridge, and Wordsworth, as the assistant of Byron in burning and burying poor Shelley, his name is indeed well known.

Let us hope that this exquisite edition of his poems will make him better known than heretofore for himself. As a poet, Leigh Hunt will never rank among the highest, yet there is much that he has written which will last. The fragment—or, rather, the complete little gem—"The Angel in the House," will never be forgotten; nor will the story of Abou Ben Adhem. "The Nile" is perhaps as perfect a sonnet as the language has produced. These and others of his poems are fine specimens; but they are all artificial, if we may use the expression. That is, there is no natural flow of poetic fervor or imagination. They are polished and perfect, but their beauty is in their exquisite finish.

His humorous veins are his best and pleasantest. In those it is a delight to find him, and in them we detect that hearty, happy, congenial soul which so singularly bound to him men that were of as diverse tastes and feelings as Byron, and Shelley, and Lamb, and Coleridge.

We trust the profits on this edition of his poems may repay the venerable author for his labor, and give him tangible reasons for remembering the reception of his poems in America.

GUY LIVINGSTONE; OR, "THOROUGH." New York: Harper & Brothers.

This novel possesses all the dramatic force of the "Wuthering Heights" of Miss Brönte, and all the spirit of Reade's "Christie Johnstone." It is an extraordinary book in every respect. Guy, the hero, is a young Englishman, rich, educated, and full of life; strong as a Hercules, but gentle, in the main, as a child; whose life is the ordinary life of men in his class and position, but in whose loves and hates the author finds material for some of the most powerful delineations of human nature.

We have nowhere seen such a picture of man's love as this story of the affection of Livingstone for Miss Brandon. Its history is as absorbing as one's own emotions. The author, an accomplished scholar, is also a thorough student of the soul, and has either "lived and loved" or has known very intimately the story of a man's passion. The book deals, indeed, with the bad phases of human nature. It treats virtue, in general, with somewhat too trifling fingers, and lets the idea be every where prominent that the evil is more powerful than the good in men and women. But it is truthful, nevertheless, and the interest is thrillingly kept up from first page to last.

Few pencils have such power—a horse-race or a mother's parting from her boy, a prize-fight or the death-bed of a girl, a boudoir flirtation or a murder in the darkness of an Italian night, whatever he attempts to describe, with that same free, unhesitating, graphic style. We do not fear to pronounce it the most readable novel of the season.

FRESH LEAVES, *by Fanny Fern.* New York: Mason Brothers.

Fanny Fern is a sharp, sparkling, sprightly writer. Many an unlucky man, and as many women, withal, will find these leaves to be thistle instead of fern; while others of them are violet petals, exceedingly delicate and beautiful.

SIGHTS IN BOSTON AND SUBURBS; OR, A GUIDE TO THE STRANGER, *by R. L. Midgley.* Illustrated. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.

No one who has once tried to find his way around Boston will try it again without this book in his hand. All the wonders of Athens the modern are here admirably set forth in wood-cuts, and well-explained in 200 pages.

KIANA, A TRADITION OF HAWAII, *by James J. Jarves,* author of "Parisian Sights," etc. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

Mr. Jarves is one of the most graceful and pleasant writers of the day. In this little book he has woven a romance out of the threads of a story he picked up at sea or on the Sandwich Islands. The tradition was that superior beings once visited the islands. He supposes this to have originated in the fact that a Spanish vessel was driven over to them in the sixteenth century; and out of this slender material he contrives, with the aid of his refined imagination, to give us a very beautiful and a very finished story, abounding in those brilliant sketches of scenery and descriptions of human emotion for which all his writings are so justly celebrated. His *dramatis personæ*, Olmedo, a priest, Beatriz, a Spanish lady, Tolta, an Aztec, and all the others as well, are drawn with a delicate pencil. The work is eminently one of imagination, and is a most successful effort.

CAPTAIN MOLLY, THE STORY OF A BRAVE WOMAN, *by Thrace Talmon.* New York: Derby & Jackson.

It can not be necessary to tell any one who Captain Molly was, or that this is a story of the times that tried men's souls and made women heroines.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS, *by Michael Phelan.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have no doubt that the experienced billiard-player, as well as the tyro, will find this book valuable, since it comes from the hands of a man whose reputation as a builder of tables is only inferior to his celebrity as a player of the game.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS, a Pocket-Manual of Practical Affairs, etc., etc. New York: Fowler & Wells.

This is the fourth of the hand-books for home improvement published by this house. We have before noticed the others. If the young men of the country would heed the valuable hints here given them, fewer defalcations and dishonest clerks would be heard of, as well as fewer unsuccessful men in business.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE New York Democratic State Convention assembled at Syracuse on the 10th instant. Hon. William Taylor, of Onondaga, was elected President. On the 11th the Convention, with great unanimity, nominated the following State ticket: "For *Secretary of State*, Gideon J. Tucker, of New York; for *Comptroller*, Sandford E. Church, of Orleans; for *Attorney-General*, Lyman Tremaine, of Albany; for *Treasurer*, Isaac V. Vanderpool, of Erie; for *Canal Commissioner*, John M. Jaycox, of Onondaga; for *State Engineer*, Van R. Richmond, of Wayne; for *State Prison Inspector*, W. C. Rhodes, of Chemung; for *Judge of the Court of Appeals*, Hiram Denio, of Oneida.

The two Conventions in Minnesota having agreed to present one Constitution to the people, it will be decided on and undoubtedly ratified by popular vote on the 13th of October, when three members of Congress will also be chosen, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Supreme Court and District Judges, members of the Legislature, etc. The Legislature will consist of thirty-seven senators and eighty representatives. No proposition to admit negroes to the rights of suffrage is to be submitted to the people.

The Banks Young Men's Mass Convention assembled at Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 8th instant. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Wilson and Banks. The latter reviewed the Republican movement. The number present was not as large as the friends of Mr. Banks anticipated.

Ex-Governor Ramsey was on the 10th instant nominated by the Republican Convention at St. Paul, for Governor of Minnesota.

General Gideon Pillow announces himself as a candidate to represent the State of Tennessee in the United States Senate.

THE UNITED STATES AND NEW GRANADA.

The treaty arrangements between the United States Government and General Herran, the New Granadian representative, provide for a commission to ascertain the amount which New Granada shall pay as indemnity to American citizens for the losses they sustained by the Panama riots. While the other questions in controversy are postponed, the American Government makes the emphatic declaration that it will not consent to the imposition of taxes such as have been heretofore levied. New Granada refuses to cede away any of her possessions to the United States. By the convention, New Granada further grants us a hundred acres for a coal and naval dépôt, the same to be selected on any island by our Government.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM.

Judge Peabody, of the Supreme Court, has decided to admit Mrs. Cunningham to bail. The opinion of the Judge is long and elaborate. It is founded on the conclusion that though the prisoner may have intended, at some future time, to produce the child whose birth she feigned, and assert its rights as the offspring of herself and Doctor Burdell to the property left by him, yet it is extremely doubtful whether a fraudulent production, such as the statute contemplates and declares to be a felony, was completed. The judge further held that the prisoner's children, numerous, helpless, and dependent, were each a hostage to society that she would remain where she could be subjected to the operation of the law; that her sex was almost an adequate recognizance for her appearance on trial; and that all these circumstances, strengthened by a bond for a reasonable amount, were sufficient security against the power and probability of her escape. The judge fixed the amount of the bond at $5000, and Mrs. Cunningham having offered three gentlemen as securities for that amount, she was admitted to bail. In the mean time the grand jury have found an indictment against Mrs. Cunningham in ten counts, the whole accusing her of falsely and feloniously producing an infant with the intention of unlawfully seizing upon the inheritance of the late Doctor Harvey Burdell.

APPALLING MURDER AND SUICIDE BY A HUSBAND.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 6th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, wife of Mr. Samuel Davis, left her residence at East Gloucester, Massachusetts, in company with her two sisters and Mrs Douglas, for a walk to Sayward's pasture, a short distance from the house, for the purpose of picking berries. Mr. Davis soon followed, and after they had got into the pasture, he deliberately drew a small-sized five-chamber Colt's revolver, and fired at his wife. The ball took effect in the left side, just below the breast, passing through the heart and out at her back. She instantly fell dead. One of the sisters, Miss Ackley, was near by, and rushed to Mrs. Davis, and said, "Speak to me, sister!" She received no answer. Mr. Davis in the mean time walked off a rod or two, and Miss Ackley ran to him and said, "You have shot my sister!" He replied, "Don't interfere!" and fired the second time. The ball took effect in the left arm. Mr. Davis, then being about seventy-five feet from his wife, deliberately put the pistol to his own breast and fired. The ball took effect near the heart, and lodged. He fell on his face, and expired without a word from his lips. Miss Ackley took hold of him and turned him over, and got the pistol which was clasped in his hand. The sisters screamed, and the report of the pistol called the neighbors to the spot. Dr. Davidson was sent for, but could not render any aid. The bodies were taken to his home, and placed in bed together. It was a sad and shocking sight. They were a good-looking couple, and looked as though they were asleep in bed. Mr. Davis was thirty-four years of age, and his wife Elizabeth was twenty-three. They were married in New York about four years ago, and they belong to Cutler, Maine. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Davis was insane. He did not attempt to shoot any of the other ladies before he shot himself. His wife seemed to be the only victim he desired.

INK-PA-DU-TAH'S BAND EXTERMINATED.

A private letter from Travers des Sioux, dated August 28, says that "the Sissitons have succeeded in killing the whole of Ink-pa-du-tah's band, except one Indian, who fled to a band of Yanktons, to which he was pursued by the Sissitons. Here an engagement took place between the Sissitons and the Yanktons. Twenty-five of the former, and a large number of the latter were killed."

BEAR-SHOOTING AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

A private letter gives an interesting account of a bear-shooting at the White Mountains on the 3d inst. "It appears that the bear had come down from the mountain a night or two before, and had killed and eaten a sheep within a few rods of the house of Augustus A. Stevens, near the village, and only a quarter of a mile from the railroad station. Mr. Stevens set a trap for the unwelcome visitor, and on the second night, hearing a loud noise, he called his boys and one or two neighbors, who repaired immediately to the spot, fully armed, and found that the bear and trap were both gone. They succeeded in tracking the animal about an eighth of a mile, and found him entangled in a thicket, the trap and log of wood to which it was fastened having prevented his further progress. The bear showed good pluck, and it was not until seven shots were fired into him, that he concluded to give up the ghost, and consider himself captured. He was drawn home by Mr. Stevens the next morning, and found to weigh two hundred and fifty pounds."

OVER NINETY SLAVES EMANCIPATED.

A Fredericksburg (Virginia) paper states that by the last will and testament of Mrs. H. H. Coalter (relict of Judge John Coalter) of Stafford County, who died some two weeks ago, ninety-two negroes have been freed. This provision of the will is to take effect on the first of January next. Charles, her favorite man-servant, receives his freedom at once, and an annuity of $100 for life; and sufficient to take him to such State or country as he may elect to live in. For the balance, the executors are to ascertain what fund will be sufficient to provide the usual outfit for removing them to Liberia or any other Free State or country in which they may elect to live. The will further provides that if any of the servants shall prefer to remain in Virginia, instead of accepting the foregoing provisions, they are permitted to select owners among the relatives of the decedent.

PERSONAL.

A late number of the San Francisco *Advocate* says that Ex-Governor John Bigler and family left Sacramento on the 20th of July for Chili, to which place he goes as American Minister. A large number of friends accompanied him to the boat "to bid him an affectionate farewell."

Hon. B. F. Angel, the new minister to Sweden, has taken his passage in the *Arago*, to sail to-day. He will be accompanied by his family.

The Executive Committee of the Alabama State Agricultural Society have passed a resolution inviting Hon. Edward Everett to be present on the occasion of the approaching fair of that society in Montgomery, to deliver an address on agriculture, and his famous address on "The Life, Character, and Death of Washington."

Mr. Holt, of Washington City, formerly a distinguished lawyer of Mississippi, has been appointed Commissioner of Patents.

The Secretary of War received recently a fine photograph likeness of Baron Humboldt, a present from the distinguished traveler himself, with the following indorsement in his own handwriting: "A L'Honorable John B. Floyd, Secretary of the United States, hommage de respect et de vive reconnaissance. Alexandre de Humboldt à Postdam au Chateau de la Ville, le 7 Août, 1857."

Albert Sidney Johnston, the gallant officer who succeeds General Harney in command of the troops destined to operate against Utah, was born in 1802, in Mason County, Kentucky. He was a student at Transylvania University in her palmy days, and subsequently graduated at West Point with distinction in 1826. During eight years succeeding, he served in the army as lieutenant and adjutant of the Sixth Infantry, and engaged in the campaign against Black Hawk, in which he acted as adjutant-general of the Illinois troops, with rank of colonel. He subsequently resigned his commission in the United States army, and, in 1836, shortly after the battle of San Jacinto, removed to Texas and joined the army. He rapidly passed through the grades, and in 1837 took the command in chief of the Texan army. In 1839 he acted as Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas, and participated in a memorable Indian fight on the River Neuces, in which the Cherokees, seven hundred strong, were defeated. At the call of General Taylor, when the Mexican war was impending, General Johnston hastened to offer his services. He behaved with great gallantry at Monterey and was highly complimented. After this battle he retired into private life, as a planter, in Brazoria County, Texas, where he remained until appointed paymaster in the United States army in 1849. With his head-quarters at Austin, Texas, for five years he performed his paymaster's tour of 700 miles, six times a year. When four new regiments were formed under the Pierce administration, in accordance with the petition of the Texas Legislature, General Johnston was appointed to the command of the Second Cavalry, which was stationed at San Antonio, and there the gallant general has remained up to the present time, accomplishing the arduous task of restraining Indian depredations.

We see it stated that Lord Napier contemplates bringing to the attention of the United States Government, at an early day, the subject of international copyright.

It is reported that William Morton, Doctor Kane's right-hand man in all the enterprises, dangers, and sufferings of his last seven years, is very ill at Boston. His symptoms are those of congestion of the brain.

Ex-Governor Vroom, late Minister to Prussia, was received at Trenton, New Jersey, on the 8th inst., by thousands of his fellow-citizens. Honorable William L. Dayton made the welcoming speech, and Governor Vroom replied. He was received by the city *en masse*.

As a part of the gossip of the day, we see it mentioned that the prominent candidates for the speakership of the next Congress are James L. Orr, J. Glancy Jones, and J. S. Phelps of Missouri. The first named is considered the most formidable.

The death of Senator Rusk is attributed to a tumor at the back of his neck, which produced inflammation of the brain, and caused insanity. His physicians had previously expressed their opinion that he could not live long.

Mr. Charles Mathews, the celebrated English comedian, made his *début* in New York this week, at the Broadway Theatre.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

In relation to the death of Professor Francis, in Ecuador, the State Department has received information from official sources that he was accidentally wounded by Professor Moore, the cap of whose gun exploded while he was loading in the dark. The Government of Ecuador, expressing great solicitude on the subject, gave orders to spare no expense or sacrifice in endeavoring to save his life, but he died after lingering two months.

James M'Gary, Doctor Kane's *Iron-man* in the last Arctic Expedition, died at New-London, Connecticut, on Saturday, September 5, and was buried with Masonic honors on Sunday. He is the first of the returned expeditionists to follow their commander to "that bourne whence no traveler returns."

Honorable James Lockhart, member of Congress elect from Indiana, died at Evansville in that State on the 8th inst.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A THOUSAND HOURS.

On the morning of the 8th inst., an English pedestrian named Lambert, completed the unnatural feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours, for a wager, at Stewart's Gymnasium in Boston. The feat was begun on Tuesday, July 28, at ten A.M., and since that time Mr. Lambert has not failed to walk one mile in every hour that has elapsed. At first it was an easy matter, and he was in the habit of walking two miles consecutively, beginning at the latter part of one hour and walking for a part of the next, thus obtaining an intermission of about an hour and a half. But after a while, tired Nature began to require rest, and he was fain to yield to her demands at the end of each mile. As he went on, he became more and more tired, his muscles began to swell and give him pain. He slept very soundly in the intervals of his task, and the belief became prevalent that he could not endure to the end. It was necessary to use a great drum and other very loud noises to awaken him, and his walk was more like the insensible action of a machine, than the inspired movements of a human being. During the last few hours he required some assistance in turning the corners of his path, and whereas at first he would accomplish a mile in twelve or fifteen minutes, it now took him half an hour or more. Nevertheless, at two o'clock on the last morning, being awakened, Lambert began his last mile in such good spirits that two men who followed, to fan or support him if necessary, were obliged to run to keep pace with him. The excitement of the spectators was intense but he kept on without flagging, until at the expiration of *fourteen minutes and ten seconds*, the time-keeper announced that the mile was finished and the task completed. To show that he had some strength still remaining, Lambert ran round the course, 196 feet, two or three times, amidst the cheers of the spectators. He then retired to an ante-room where he was allowed to rest for a few hours, great care being taken to prevent his getting too much sleep, as that would be as injurious as stuffing a famished man with food.

HOW A CLERGYMAN WAS DUPED.

Several months since says a Philadelphia contemporary, a gay, pleasant, and accomplished French lady arrived in this city, with her servant, and engaged spacious apartments at the Girard House. She was in search of a distant relative, who was entitled to a portion of large estates which she held in Texas. She was exceedingly rich, and expected an additional fortune in consequence of the recent decease of an uncle who had quietly passed into the shades of death, at a good old age, in the city of Paris.

On looking over the newspapers one Saturday she observed an advertisement that the Rev. —— would preach on the following day. He is a well-known minister, and is at the head of one of the most fashionable and intelligent congregations in the city of Brotherly Love. She conceived the idea that he must be the very person she was in search of.

In a few days she called upon him and made known her business. At first he was incredulous. The wife, however, concluded that her husband was in error, and on expressing her view, he was led into a train of deep meditation, and finally came to the conclusion that perhaps he was destined to become a millionaire without much hard work. The French lady and the wife of the reverend gentleman now became intimate, and, in fact, lived high. This continued for a period of several months. The deeds of the property in Texas, all of which seemed to be well authenticated, were closely scanned, and the many friends of the reverend and his wife congratulated them on their good fortune. At one time, on the arrival of a steamer from Europe, the French lady received a letter, in which it was stated that in consequence of another death having occurred in the family at Paris, some time must necessarily elapse before a remittance could be sent on, perhaps not for several months. At the announcement she seemed to grieve considerably because she could not return the hospitality in a style equal to that which had been so kindly extended to her. By dint of the most daring effrontery she finally succeeded in her applications for small sums of money, ranging from $30 to $200. She, in company with several of her admirers, would pay visits to some of the first-class stores on Chestnut Street. Being a rich French lady, in company with rich ladies of Philadelphia, whose well-known faces had often been reflected in the mirrors that embellish the stores, the worthy attendants endeavored to outdo each other in politeness.

Arrangements were finally made for the French lady and servant, the reverend and his wife, to go to Texas, in order to settle up the estates, then return to Philadelphia and purchase a large and splendid mansion on Broad Street, above Brown. A short time previous to this a considerable quantity of silver plate, silks, and satins were obtained by the French lady, for which the reverend became responsible. While making all these arrangements the minister almost forgot to visit the sick, and to pray with the dying, and at last, when the moment arrived that he and his wife and the French lady were to proceed to Texas, the latter was nowhere to be found. Every effort was made to discover her, and even detectives were brought into requisition, but without avail. Who the accomplished French lady is, where she came from, or whither she has gone, no one knows. She figured in Philadelphia for several months, and it was only a few days since that the facts leaked out. The minister who was so egregiously duped, paid the several amounts for which he had become security, and it is presumed that he will agree that he paid dearly for his whistle.

EXPERIENCE OF A MAINE-LAW ADVOCATE.

The following letter from Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, to Mr. Gough is in print:

NATICK, MASS., *June* 20, 1857.

"DEAR SIR,—In response to your inquiries I have to say that the Maine Law in Massachusetts has not met the expectations of its friends. I advocated and voted for the law in the Legislature, and I have supported it before the people, and I intend to continue to do so. But the law has accomplished far less than its friends reasonably expected when they passed it. In the first place the law has not been fairly tested, owing to the embarrassments thrown in its way by courts and juries. This may be corrected in process of time. At any rate, I hope so. Another cause of failure is, that its friends have depended too much upon the law, and too little upon moral action. Work that ought to have been done has been neglected because the friends of the cause have placed too much reliance upon the force of law. I think they begin to see this, and am confident they will hereafter not only sustain and enforce the law, but uphold it by appeals to the moral sentiments of the people. My idea is, that we want laws, such laws as can be enforced, and that appeals should be continually made to the heart, conscience, and reason of the people to abandon the use of what the law proscribes. Yours truly,

"HENRY WILSON."

AFFAIRS IN UTAH.

By the arrival in New York of a company of Mormons we have advices from Great Salt Lake City to the 13th of August.

The harvest in Utah this season has been remarkably abundant. All the crops have yielded in larger measure than for some years previously. The Saints were joyful at the cheerful prospects before them. Wheat, corn, and potatoes, particularly, were full crops, and the harvesting had ended prosperously, without adverse weather. Business was reviving, and mercantile pursuits bore a thrifty air of enterprise.

No alarm existed in the Salt Lake City in consequence of the march of the United States military forces toward Utah. Authentic or detailed particulars of the movements of the troops had not been received up to the period of the departure of this company; but rumors of the dispositions of the Government had come to the ears of the Mormons with a sufficient degree of distinctness to cause them to appreciate the extent of the recent demonstrations. They expressed themselves unable to understand the motives of the Government in dispatching a force against them; declared that they intended no harm to any body; disclaimed any intention of entering into a conflict, armed or otherwise; and simply asked "to be let alone." It was not apprehended that the troops would find any wrongs to redress, nor was it the Mormon purpose to place obstacles in the way of the performance of their duty. In other words, the most pacific intentions and inclinations were expressed.

The only Federal officers remaining in Utah were Drs. Hurt and Armstrong, Indian Agents. The course of Judge Drummond since his return to the States appears to have moved the Saints to severe animadversions; they discuss the Judge's antecedents with merciless severity.

The reports of the spread of discontent and disaffection among the Mormons in Salt Lake City are denied with great emphasis. Brigham Young, it appears, has met the rumor by an offer to send all the malcontents out of the Territory in good style, provided with first-rate teams and teamsters, and with equipments for the journey over the Plains, provided the Federal Government will send to Utah, in equally good style, all the parties who wish to go there. Brother Brigham says he considers this "a fair offer."

Brother Brigham had returned in excellent health from his Northern trip. His visit was extended to the infant settlement of the Saints at Salmon River, where there are now some forty or fifty persons. The settlement was commenced about a year ago. It is in a flourishing condition. The settlers went out from Salt Lake City. Brother Brigham has been holding up their hands, and comforting them.

An immigration of four thousand persons was passed on the Plains by the party just arrived. This includes the entire immigration of this season. There were eight or ten distinct trains, each under the guidance of its own Elder. All were in good health, first-rate spirits, and the parties looked forward to their arrival at Salt Lake with the pleasurable anticipations of people going home. Among them were English, Welsh, Danes, Swedes, and other nationalities; the Welsh, especially, being strongly represented. The immigrants were passed between Independence Rock and Fort Laramie; and so far as could be judged, the "hand-cart" portion of the companies were having the best time—a fact which will gladden the heart of Brother Brigham. Hand-cart travel over the Plains is one of his great hobbies.

BRIGHAM YOUNG ON THE MARCH OF UNITED STATES TROOPS TO UTAH.

Brigham Young has been preaching to the Saints on the anticipated arrival of United States troops at Salt Lake City. We make some extracts from his orations delivered on the 10th of July and 2d of August last. He said:

"It would be hard for the people to explain away the idea that the Government of the United States is shutting down the gate upon us, for it is too visible; and this is what hastens the work of the Lord, which you are praying for every day. I do not believe that there is a man or woman here, who prays at all, but who prays every day for the Lord to hasten his work. Now take care, for if he does, maybe you will not be prepared to meet it.

"The time must come when there will be a separation between this kingdom and the kingdoms of this world, even in every point of view. The time must come when this kingdom must be free and independent from all other kingdoms. Are you prepared to have the thread cut to-day?

"Now let me tell you one thing, I shall take it as a witness that God designs to cut the thread between us and the world, when an army undertakes to make their appearance in this Territory to chastise me or to destroy my life from the earth. I lay it down that right is, or at least should be, might with Heaven, with its servants, and with all its people on the earth. As for the rest, we will wait a little while to see; but I shall take a hostile movement by our enemies as an evidence that it is time for the thread to be cut. I think that we will find three hundred who will lap water, and we can whip out the Midianites. Brother Heber said that he could turn out his women, and they would whip them. I ask no odds of the wicked, the best way they can fix it.

"There is another item that I will touch upon. Two weeks ago to-day I mentioned the course of some individuals in this place, who are writing slanders concerning us, that a man can not live here unless he is a 'Mormon,' when, at the same time, they come here to meeting with perfect impunity. Some of them are in the meeting to-day, and are now preparing lies for their letters. A parcel of them clan together and fix up letters, and they write to the East how desperately wicked the 'Mormons' are, how they are killing each other, killing the Gentiles, stealing and robbing, and what wicked, miserable creatures the 'Mormons' are. And when any of them go from here they report, 'We have barely escaped with our lives: Oh, it was a very narrow escape that we made, but we did manage to get out of the place with our lives; yes, we did get away without being killed.' They all escape safely to tell their lies.

"They say that it is with great difficulty that they can live with the Saints, when at the same time no one has molested them during all the time they have been writing lies to stir up the wicked to destroy us. They pass and repass in our streets with the same privileges that other citizens enjoy, and there are professedly of our faith those who sympathize for them; may God Almighty let his curse rest on all such sympathizers. [Many voices, 'Amen.']

"Will troops come here and inquire into my just rebukes of such characters and conduct? 'Oh!' says one, 'I am afraid they will come, and what shall I do?' They have been with us many a time. We have been accustomed to seeing a hundred to our one, with their guns to shoot us and their knives to cut our throats. Do people imagine that they can kill 'Mormonism?' I may die for my religion, and who cares for that? Brother Carrington has told you that God can carry on his own work, and the spirit of Joseph which fell upon me is ready to fall upon some body else when I am removed."

MEETING BETWEEN HERR DRIESBACH AND THE WILD BEASTS.

Some time has now elapsed since Herr Driesbach, the lion tamer, abandoned his profession, married, and turned farmer in Wisconsin. Lately he visited Dubuque, and, while there, an interesting meeting took place between himself and some old pets of his menagerie. Several parties were present, curious to see whether time, travel, and change had obliterated their old master from their recollections, for more than a year had passed since they had seen him. The first experiment was made upon a Bengal tiger. Owing to some old sore the animal had a grudge against the Herr, and, as he came sauntering carelessly along, habited in a farmer's costume, the tiger's eyes began to glisten with great brilliancy. He then gave vent to a low guttural growl, which ended in a ferocious howl when Driesbach passed by. This experiment was tried several times with the same result, and when, at length, the Herr spoke to the brute, his rage knew no bounds; he flung himself against the bars of his cage, dashing out his paws to tear him, and only ceased when his old master walked out of sight.

Another cage contained a large lion, two leopards, and a lioness. As Herr approached the lioness caught sight of him, and her eyes beamed with pleasure, while her tail wagged a glad recognition. On his coming up she appeared frantic with joy, and when he spoke to her and presented his face to the cage, she kissed him, and placed her paw in his hand with all the air of intense affection. Indeed, while he was in her presence she did not know how to control herself, but would lick his hands when he attempted to pat her, roll over, reach out her paws to him, and press her nose between the bars, as though she would like to have had a closer interview. While Herr was talking to the lioness, the old lion at the other end of the cage got jealous and grumbled, for he, too, had recognized his old friend. But when Herr walked up to him, the creature crowded against the bars, to get closer to him if possible, and kissed his face and licked his hands with as great demonstrations of delight as the other. The leopards, too, knew their old master, and watched him as they lay with their noses close to the bars with evident pleasure. Altogether the interview was quite curious, and was of no little interest to the spectators.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AT THE PROROGATION.

As already announced, Parliament was prorogued on the 28th ult. The Queen's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. It thus alludes to the more important questions of the day:

"Her Majesty commands us to express to you her satisfaction that the present state of affairs in Europe inspires well-grounded confidence in the continuance of peace. Arrangements connected with the execution of the stipulations of the treaty of Paris have, from various causes, not yet been completed; but her Majesty trusts that by the earnest efforts of the contracting parties to the treaty, all that remains to be done with reference to the stipulations may ere long be satisfactorily settled.

"Her Majesty commands us to inform you that the extensive mutinies which have broken out among the native troops of the army in Bengal, followed by serious disturbances in many parts of that Presidency, have occasioned Her Majesty extreme concern; and the barbarities which have been inflicted upon many of her Majesty's subjects in India, and the sufferings which have been endured, have filled her Majesty's heart with the deepest grief; while the conduct of many civil and military officers, who have been placed in circumstances of much difficulty, and who are being exposed to great danger, has excited her Majesty's warmest admiration.

"Her Majesty commands us to inform you that she will omit no measures calculated to quell these grave disorders, and that she is confident that, with the blessings of Providence, and with the full power at her disposal, she will be enabled to accomplish that end."

THE LAYING OF THE CABLE POSTPONED.

Nothing of an official character has been yet promulgated respecting the Atlantic telegraph, but it is generally believed that the enterprise will be postponed until next summer. The London *Times*, in an article on the subject, says that the Company, "in the exercise of their discretion, have decided on not immediately renewing the attempts to connect England with the United States, and their cable is disposable for a similar enterprise in another direction." This statement has given rise to the supposition that the cable will be bought by the British Government for India.

A NEW SERVICE FOR AN OLD HERO.

It does seem rather absurd that, in these stirring times, while British generals are dying by dozens at their posts in India, Lieutenant-General Codrington, late commander-in-chief of the army in the Crimea, should be appointed to attend the youthful Prince of Wales on a journey up the Rhine. The *Times* is sarcastic on the subject. It does not believe that his Royal Highness requires a first-rate general to manage him. It is true that "sixteen" is a trying age; but even at its worst, "sixteen" might be controlled by somebody who had not blown up Sebastopol. We quote from our contemporary: "The General has gone to Königswinter, doubtless to be in time to head the arduous ascent of the Drachenfels, which his Royal Highness has resolved upon. We do not say that a great commander might not be of service in this undertaking; we know from our own experience that it is not wholly devoid of difficulties. The race of donkeys is not always to be depended on; sometimes a humor of disobedience comes over them, an inclination to do any thing but facilitate your progress, a determination in the tribe to congregate in corners, with their riders upon them, and block up their own pathway. Some address is required to untie these Gordian knots, and no ascent, we are quite sure, was ever made in this world—not even an ascent of twenty minutes—which did not task in some degree the virtue of patience. Still, a less distinguished general than Sir William Codrington could restore marching order on such occasions, and lead the way successfully up these stupendous heights. It is true that terrific legends and traditions of war hover round the top, and the story of the awful combat between Siegfreid and the Dragon might come suitably from military lips. But, whatever may have been the horrors of the past, the present view from the top of the Drachenfels is eminently peaceful, exhibiting the ample reaches of a magnificent river, flowing between cornfields and vineyards. Then, what need of such a mighty warrior at all, and why enlist the 'nodding horrors' of a Crimean general's plume in such a service? We must frankly confess that this appears rather a 'drop' for General Codrington—the fall, we mean, from the command of the Crimean army to the command of—we say it with all respect and deference, but still it is the fact—a boy of sixteen—or, to speak in the language of the 'Court Circular,' 'to attendance upon his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in his tour up the Rhine.'"

MOVEMENT FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Lord Brougham has consented to preside, and to deliver the inaugural address, at the formation of an association which is about to be established for the purpose of bringing together the supporters of the various efforts which are now being made for social improvement, and to elucidate by discussion the connection between each, and the mutual assistance they may render to each other. The new movement will partake to some extent of the character of the educational conference recently held in London, over which the Prince Consort presided, various branches of social science being referred to "sections" or "departments," conducted by gentlemen who have paid attention to the subjects. The inaugural meeting will be held in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on Monday, October 12, when Lord Brougham will deliver the introductory address.

A SCANDAL TO THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY.

Thomas Grant, a veteran sailor, aged 101 years, recently appeared before the Chelsea board of guardians, he being destitute, and laying claim to Chelsea as his parish, from the fact of his being apprenticed at Chelsea to the River Thames as a waterman. From the centenarian's statement, he was born at Maidstone, in Kent, on the 1st of January, 1757. He married in 1780, but his honeymoon was a luckless one, for on the very day on which he had taken a wife he was met coming from church by a press-gang on Tower-hill, and, despite Tom's showing fight and his maiden wife's tears, the Chelsea waterman was at once kidnapped and taken on board the *London*, sloop of war, and proceeded to sea. After being in several engagements, the *London* was ordered home, and Tom was anxious to complete the nuptials with Susan, when Paul Jones's sailing off Whitehaven deferred the consummation of their union, for the *London* was ordered off again in pursuit of the American pirate. In 1801, he was with Nelson hotly engaged at Copenhagen, and after this, his ship was captured by the French, and Tom spent 11 years of his checkered life in a prison near Paris. In 1813 he was on board the saucy *Shannon*, and got his leg shattered by a cannon ball from the *Chesapeake*. Sir Charles Napier was a middy in the man-of-war in which Tom served. Although at such an extreme old age the veteran has the complete use of all his faculties, and fights his battles over again with a savageness quite refreshing. The Board admitted Tom as an inmate, where he soon found another veteran man-of-war's man, William Fry, and the twain spin their yarns and grievances without a quid of tobacco from their grateful countrymen to heal their wounds.

A MURDERER ON THE STAGE.

We alluded recently to the trial of Spollen for the murder of Mr. Little, and to his acquittal.

The following scandalous advertisement appeared in the Dublin papers: "Assembly Rooms, Prince Patrick's Theatre, Fishamble Street. For one week only. James Spollen, being about to leave this country, and not having the means to do so, will deliver a personal narrative of the proceedings taken against him for the murder of the late Mr. Little, commencing this day, August 18, from one till four; evening, from six till ten. Admission, one shilling."

After some delay, Spollen came before the curtain and commenced an appeal to a humane public to assist him to emigrate. He had said nothing of the facts of the late horrible tragedy, and was proceeding with his solicitation, when Mr. Fitzpatrick, Dame Street, observed: "As I see the reporters here, but not the public, I will take the liberty of making a remark. I think the citizens of Dublin are bound to show a good example to all the towns of Ireland, and if you allow this man to make a speech here to-day to obtain money, the consequence will be that he will go to every town in Ireland.—Spollen: "That I deny, Sir,"—Mr. Fitzpatrick: "At all events, the citizens of Dublin will not countenance such a thing. As a citizen, I protest against this man making speeches here to-day. If you encourage him, you will be only holding out a bounty to others to follow his example." —James Spollen, Jun., here entered the room and interrupted Mr. Fitzpatrick by saying, in a sturdy manner, "I beg your pardon, Sir, did you pay to come in?"—Mr. Fitzpatrick: "I did, Sir."—Spollen, Jun.: "Well, Sir?"—Mr. Fitzpatrick: "Oh, I won't be stopped."—Spollen, Sen.: "I call upon the police; there is rent paid for this place."—Spollen, Jun.: "You did not pay to come here to annoy the people."—Spollen, Sen.: "You are not a gentleman, Sir."—Mr. Fitzpatrick (addressing Spollen, Sen.): "Who was it that told your wife where the money was?"—Spollen, Jun.: "That is nothing to you, Sir." —Mr. Fitzpatrick: "Oh, but it is, Sir; and if I stop here until six o'clock, I will not let you go any further till you answer that question."—Spollen, Jun.: "I will bring in a policeman to remove you if you go on any further." Spollen said that he knew nothing about the money; and after some further remarks, left the stage. In the evening he renewed his "narrative" before a somewhat larger audience, but under less agreeable circumstances, as before nine o'clock a mob of nearly a thousand persons had collected outside the doors of the theatre, which had to be closed to prevent them from forcing their way in. When they found that they could not succeed in obtaining entrance, the crowd began to throw stones at the theatre and to hammer the doors violently, shouting and calling for Spollen; but as he did not make appearance, they contented themselves with venting their anger upon every unoffending person passing by who had the misfortune to wear a hat. This disturbance continued until a late hour; but as Spollen did not present himself, or succeeded in passing out unnoticed, the mob grew weary of waiting, and disappeared suddenly about eleven o'clock.

Spollen has since been rearrested for the robbery.

MISS MADELEINE SMITH.

Miss Madeleine Smith, the remarkable woman who was lately tried for the murder of her lover, has sought retirement in the south of England. Her departure was managed so quietly that it was scarcely known till some time after she had gone. The morbid curiosity which seems to influence a large section of society has latterly developed itself in an amazing quantity of letters, which were poured in upon this unhappy girl—letters of the most frivolous nature, and chiefly written with the view of securing her autograph. Among these epistles, she told a friend, there were ten offers of marriage. An Edinburgh paper publishes the following as a letter from the lady herself:

"You will be glad to hear that I am well—in fact, quite well—and my spirits not in the least cast down. I left Edinburgh and went to Slateford, and got home to Rowalcyn during the night; but, alas! I found mamma in a bad state of health; but I trust in a short time all will be well with her. The feeling in the west is not so good toward me as you kind Edinburgh folks showed me. I rather think it will be necessary for me to leave Scotland for a few months, but mamma is so unwell we do not like to fix any thing at present. If ever you see Mr. C. Combe, tell him the 'panel' was not pleased with the verdict. I was delighted with the loud cheer the court gave me. I did not feel in the least put about when the jury were out, considering whether they would keep me or send me home. I think I must have had several hundred letters, all from gentlemen—some offering me consolation, and some their hearts and homes. My friend I have not seen him. I hear he has been ill; but I don't much care. I hope he will give me a note. Thank Miss B. and Agnes in my name for all their kindness and attention to me. I should like you to send me my Bible and watch to 124 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, to J. Smith. The country is looking most lovely. As soon as I know my arrangements I shall let you know where I am to be sent to. With kind love to yourself and Mr. Smith, ever believe me, yours sincerely,

"MADELEINE H. SMITH."

FRANCE.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AT A BULL-FIGHT.

A grand bull-fight was given on Sunday afternoon the 23d ult., near Bayonne. A considerable crowd of elegantly dressed women filled at an early hour the vast tribunes. The King of Wurtemberg and suite arrived at a quarter to four. The Empress, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess d'Albe, and by the members of her suite, took her seat in the imperial box at four. On the signal being given by the mayor at St. Esprit, who presided over the proceedings, the performances commenced. Two bulls were killed after the usual struggle, and amidst the applause of the spectators. Just as a third was about to be let loose into the arena, a storm, accompanied by violent rain, broke over the place. A number of spectators placed in the open galleries to the right and left of the musicians' box, which was covered in, rushed to the latter in order to obtain protection from the storm; but their weight speedily proved too great for the timber work, which gave way, carrying with it several of the spectators. Five individuals were wounded, but only one severely, namely, a Spanish mule-driver; several others were more or less bruised. The Empress, after having ascertained that the wounded men had received every attention, left the imperial box and returned to Biarritz. In consequence of this accident orders were given by the municipal authorities to close the proceedings. A portion of the public did not at first comprehend the significance of this measure, and evinced loud signs of dissatisfaction, but in the end retired peaceably.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT CHERBOURG—INTERNATIONAL HOSPITALITIES.

The Cherbourg journals give some details of the late visit of Queen Victoria to that port:—Her Majesty and Prince Albert were accompanied by Prince Alfred, the Princess Royal, and the Princesses Alice, Helena, and Louisa. Immediately after the Royal yacht entered the roadstead, Rear-Admiral Count de Gourdon, the Maritime Prefect, went on board to pay his respects to Her Majesty, and had the honor of being invited to dinner. The news of the Queen's arrival was not known until the following morning, when the whole town was in movement, expecting the landing of the Royal party. The vessels in the roadstead, the public buildings, and a number of private houses were ornamented with flags. At a rather early hour the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Royal children landed under a salute from the ships in the harbor and from the forts, and, having visited the different parts of the dock-yard, entered carriages prepared for them, and proceeded to Montague-du-Roule, whence Her Majesty and party were able to enjoy an extensive panoramic view of the town, the port, and the surrounding country. After the return of the Royal party to the *Victoria and Albert* to lunch, M. Durégne, the Sub-Prefect, and M. Ludé, the Mayor of Cherbourg, went on board, and presented an address to Her Majesty expressive of the delight of the inhabitants at being honored with her visit. The Mayor said: "Madam and most gracious Sovereign, the town of Cherbourg, of which I have the honor to be Mayor, is happy this day to see the realization of the hope which it for a moment cherished last year. I avail myself of the great honor of being presented to your Majesty to express a hope that I may be permitted to lay at your feet the respectful homage of my fellow-citizens. The 18th of August will ever be in their remembrance a precious and memorable day." The Queen replied in the most gracious manner, telling the Mayor that "she was last year on the point of visiting Cherbourg, and that she now congratulated herself on having been able to realize her intention, since she had seen the magnificent works accomplished at that port, with a perseverance which did honor to the engineering skill of France." In the afternoon Her Majesty again landed, and visited the breakwater, after which she paid a second visit to the dock-yard under fresh salutes from the batteries. After a rather long examination of different parts of the establishment, the Royal party returned on board the Royal yacht to dinner.

MURDER FROM HATRED OF A WIFE.

A horrible murder was committed at Moulins (Allier) a short time ago, by a man named Petetot, seventy years of age, on his wife, only a few years younger than himself. It appears that for many years past he had entertained the most bitter hatred for the deceased, who had more than once expressed to her neighbors her fear of his violent disposition. On the day in question Petetot seized his wife at the moment she was sitting down to supper, and cut her throat with a razor, the woman expiring almost instantaneously. Petetot then drew the razor across his own throat, but succeeded only in inflicting a comparatively trifling wound. At the sight of his own blood he summoned the neighbors, who were filled with horror at the terrible sight presented in the room. Petetot avowed his crime at once, and admitted that he had contemplated it for some time past. After his wound had been dressed he was carried off to prison.

SPAIN.

THE TROUBLE WITH MEXICO.

M. Lafragua, the Mexican Envoy, by latest advices, had arrived at Cadiz, where he would embark for his own country. It was rumored that when General Lersundi, the new Captain General of Cuba, proceeds to the seat of his government, he will be accompanied by General Ramon Sullano as second in command. General Lersundi would sail in September, and would take out the *ultimatum* of the Spanish Government to Mexico.

ITALY.

QUARREL BETWEEN NAPLES AND SARDINIA.

There is bad blood between the Courts of Naples and Turin, and diplomatic intercourse has become envenomed. The bone of contention is the steamer *Cagliari*, and the Sardinian passengers who were captured on board her. Piedmont insists that ship and prisoners shall at once be given up, and certainly, if the published accounts of the manner in which the *Cagliari* was seized by the Mazzinians be strictly correct, the persistence is reasonable and should be complied with. The King of Sardinia is disposed to carry matters with a high hand, and he is said to be determined, if Naples refuses his request, not only to withdraw his embassador but to declare war.

INDIA.

THE FALL OF CAWNPORE.

We have a few vague details of the fall of Cawnpore into the hands of the mutineers, and of the frightful massacre that ensued. The catastrophe is supposed to have occurred on the 24th of June. Sir Hugh Wheeler, the gallant commander, fell in battle, mortally wounded, and after his death the small garrison, sorely pressed by famine, surrendered to Nena Saheb upon his solemn promise of safety and protection. Nena, however, behaved most treacherously. He allowed them, with their women and children, to get into the boats, but as soon as they commenced to depart fire was opened on them from the banks of the river, and nearly all were destroyed.

Other accounts state that the wives and children of the officers and soldiers, consisting of two hundred and forty persons, were taken into Cawnpore and sold by public auction, and were treated with the highest indignities, and barbarously slaughtered by the inhabitants. It is hoped that a few escaped. It is said that Nena Saheb has more than one hundred European prisoners in his hands, whom he intends to hold as hostages. They are probably the remains of General Wheeler's force.

After the barbarous massacre of the garrison, Nena Saheb was twice attacked and utterly defeated with great loss by General Havelock at the head of 2000 Europeans.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

On the 14th July the mutineers still held Delhi. They had made three more sorties, and were entirely defeated in each with heavy loss. Only two thousand British troops could be mustered before the city, and with these alone an attack will scarcely be attempted. Seven thousand men would, at least, be required for the purpose. To present some idea of these sorties, we make the following extract from a letter of the most recent date received, and written by an officer in the besieging force before Delhi:

"Still before the walls of this horrible city. We have had no reinforcements yet, beyond a few Sikhs belonging to the 4th Sikh Regiment; consequently, we have been able to do nothing except hold our own. On the 19th they came out again, having received reinforcements, which they immediately sent out to fight us. At the same time a very large force went out a long way and tried to get round into the rear of our camp. A large force of ours went out to meet these gentlemen, and a tremendous fight was the consequence. Our arrangements were very bad in this fight—the cavalry, infantry, and artillery all mixed up together in sad confusion; many of our men, I fear, killed by our side. The mutineers held a capital position, and their big guns did terrible execution, loaded as they were with grape-shot; unfortunately, too, evening closed in on the fight, and, instead of quietly retiring, so as to protect our camp, we were ordered to fight on, and the confusion became terrible. At last, however, the order came to retire. Many of our guns were left on the ground till morning, as also our killed and wounded, but were luckily all safely brought back into camp next day. I fear our loss was nearly equal to the enemy's that day; several officers were killed and wounded, among the latter our commandant, Daily, shot through the shoulder.

"On the morning after the last fight the mutineers again came out to try the same plan as the evening before, but the lesson we had had made us wiser, and we marched out in capital order. The enemy, seeing this, immediately began to retire, and tried to draw us on into some broken ground. This, however, they did not succeed in, and, as they kept retiring from place to place, our Horse Artillery punished them a good deal. Finding they could do no good that day they wisely retired, and we returned to camp. No loss on our side. Since then (the 20th), beyond a few skirmishes, nothing was attempted on either side, except our blowing up two bridges, which prevents the enemy's artillery from coming out, except by a long round of some three miles to the left and right, but yesterday, the 23d, we heard that every man in the city capable of bearing arms was coming out to make an end of us or die in the attempt. Our information was correct; at sunrise yesterday morning the whole city apparently turned out and attacked us on all sides. I was with the Guides on the right, and from sunrise to past sunset we fought altogether fifteen hours, without any thing to eat and only water to drink. We managed to hold our own well, nevertheless, till about one o'clock, and killed an immense number of the mutineers; but at one o'clock an immense reinforcement came to the assistance of the opposite party, and we had enough to do to hold our own. I twice fired away every shot I had, nearly 100 rounds per man, and had sent back for more ammunition. The man I sent came back with the fearful news there was no more; to leave the position was contrary to all orders, so we had to do our best by pretending to fire, and keeping the post with the bayonet. All this time we were under a perfect hailstorm of bullets, round shot, and shell, for the enemy had brought some of their light field-guns around, and were playing with great effect on our reduced numbers. I certainly thought that we should all be done for, when, by the greatest good luck, a part of the regiment of Sikhs that had that very morning marched into camp came up with a yell to our assistance; they were fresh men, and had lots of ammunition, so we rushed on and drove the enemy back. At the same time we were ordered to advance as far as we could; this we did, and drove the enemy back into the city, after which, as they did not seem inclined to come out again, we retired, it being past sunset."

CHINA.

LORD ELGIN'S POLICY.

Lord Elgin, we learn by the last China mail, had arrived at Hong Kong. The special correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 10th of July, says of his mission and intended policy: "It was very evident that Lord Elgin's position will not allow him to remain idle in Hong Kong, and no one was surprised when the rumor spread that he was going northward. The favorite theory is that he is going to Japan, and it is not impossible that we may see the coasts of that mysterious island. The course really resolved upon, however, is this: A few days after this mail has been dispatched, the *Calcutta*, the *Shannon*, the *Pearl*, the *Inflexible*, the *Hornet*, and two gun-boats, will proceed northward to rendezvous at Shanghai, and to proceed thence to the mouth of the River Pei-ho, on which river Pekin stands. Arrived at the nearest point to the capital, Lord Elgin will dispatch to the authorities, for transmission to the Emperor, a letter requiring the Emperor, within a specified time, either to recognize or repudiate the acts of his officers at Canton. If the Court of Pekin repudiate Yeh, and pay compensation for past injuries, and give security against their recurrence—well. If, as is most probable, either no notice be taken of the letter, or a disposition be shown to entangle the embassador in questions of ceremonial, Lord Elgin will declare war, and thus relieve the relations of the two powers from their present anomalous position. Canton will then be occupied, the trade of the northern ports will not be unnecessarily interfered with, but such further proceedings will be taken as may be necessary to bring the Court of Pekin to reason."

THE YOUNG AMERICAN PIRATE OF THE CHINA SEAS.

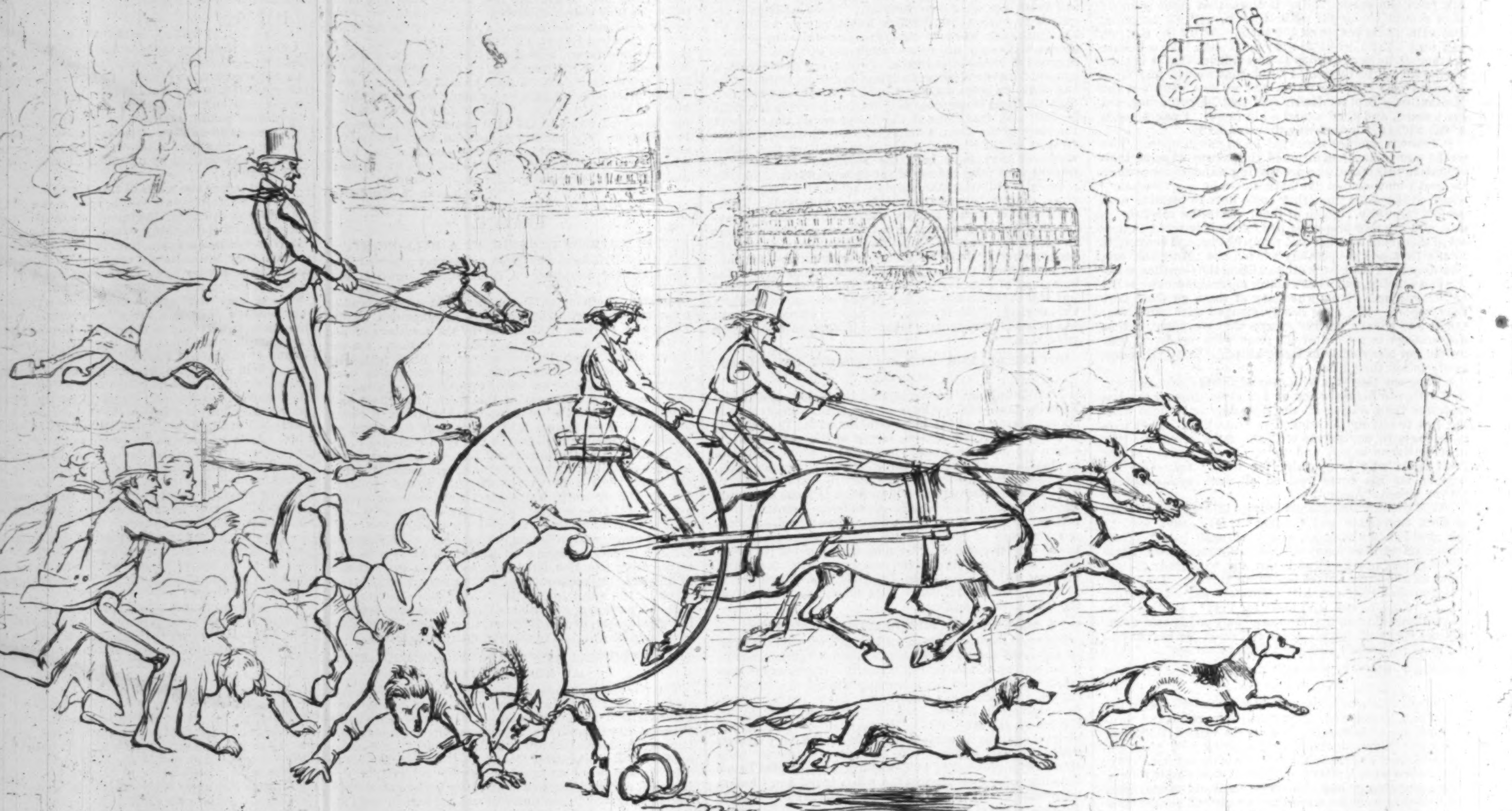
The same correspondent writes: "While I am upon the subject of piracy let me mention that an American, named Eli Boggs, was tried at Hong Kong on Wednesday last for piracy and murder. His name would do for a villain of the Blackbeard class, but in form and feature he was the hero of a sentimental novel; as he stood in the dock, bravely battling for his life, it seemed impossible that that handsome boy could be the pirate whose name had been for three years connected with the boldest and bloodiest acts of piracy. It was a face of feminine beauty. Not a down upon the upper lip, large lustrous eyes, a mouth the smile of which might woo coy maiden, affluent black hair not carelessly parted, hands so small and so delicately white that they would create a sensation in Belgravia—such was the Hong Kong pirate, Eli Boggs. He spoke for two hours in his defense, and he spoke well—without a tremor, without an appeal for mercy, but trying to prove that his prosecution was the result of a conspiracy wherein a Chinese bum-boat proprietor and a sub-official of the colony (both of whom he charged as being in league with all the pirates on the coast) were the chief conspirators. The defense was, of course, false. The jury, moved by his youth and courage, and straining hard their consciences, acquitted him of murder, but found him guilty of piracy. He was sentenced to transportation for life."

MEXICO.

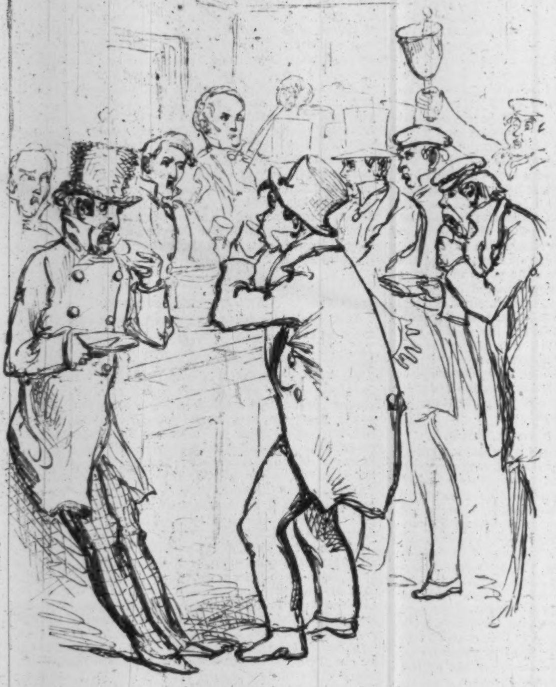
REVOLUTION IN YUCATAN.

Particulars are received of an outbreak in Yucatan. The gubernatorial election, which resulted in the victory of Barrera, was the occasion of the outbreak, the extreme radical party pretending that the election was carried by fraud. The real secret of the disaffection, however, appears to be, as is most common in Spanish American States, personal and local. Barrera is a citizen of Merida, and therefore obnoxious to the people of Campeche, where the insurrection began, and who desired the triumph of one of their own citizens. The revolutionists are led by Garcia, a well-known restless and ambitious chief. At latest accounts they had been every where successful. They not only had possession of the town of Campeche, where the Government forces had joined them, but of several strong posts in the interior.

LOCATING A LAND-WARRANT.



IN TIME FOR THE TRAIN.



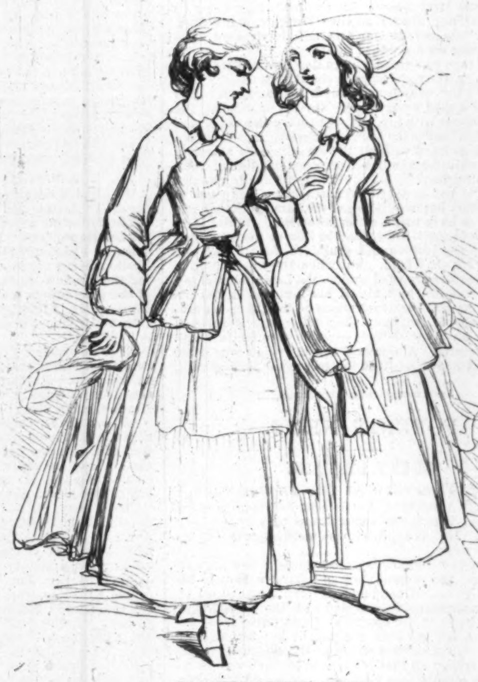
THE SQUASHTOWN REFRESHMENT SALOON.

Bob was a bad boy. People said—the people in Barkhampstead—Barkhampstead is in Connecticut, if you don't know—well, they said he was a smart fellow, but it wouldn't "come to nothing." Bob, they said, would never have a cent as long as he lived, and that, beloved readers, is the highest crime known to the social law of Connecticut. You may bring the widow and the orphan down to their graves—you may grind the bones of the widow and the orphan into phosphorus to light your own pathway to the lower regions—but if you have a good bank account, you may look down upon your poorer neighbors with that proud consciousness of superiority which only the possession of wealth gives.

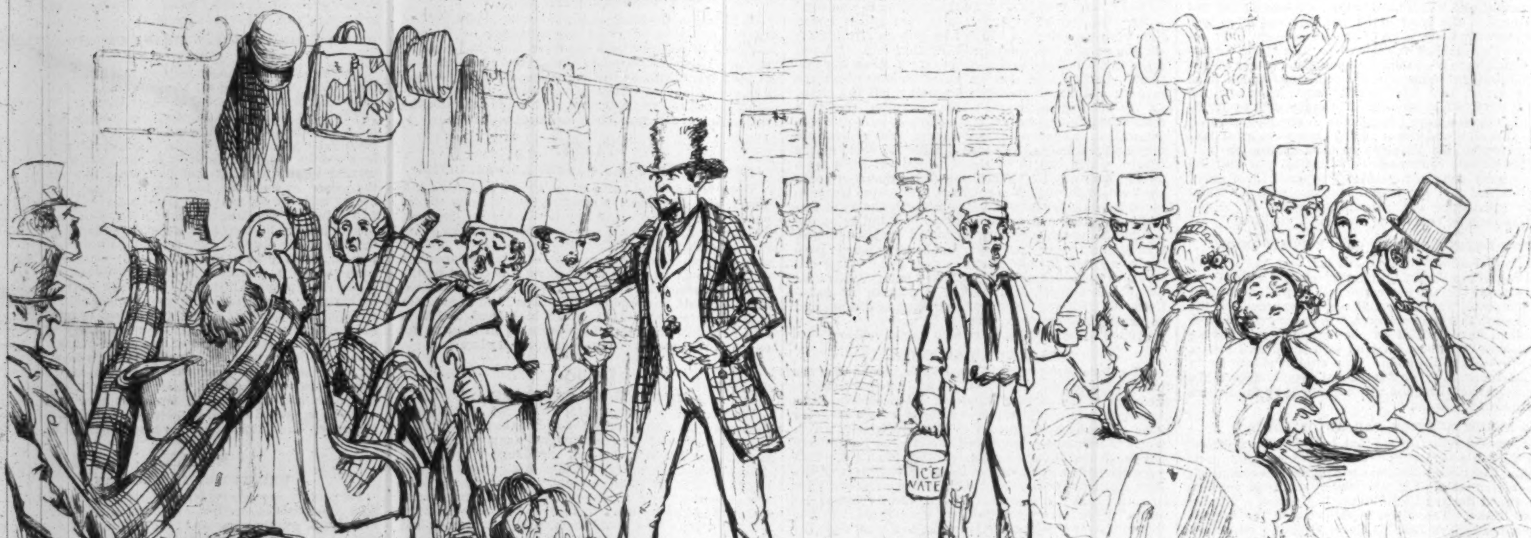
Bob, heretic that he was, snapped his fingers at old Grub, who was worth a hundred thousand dollars and carried Barkhampstead in his breeches pocket, and Bob was an Ishmael in the desert. Bob was a vagabond, no doubt. He would lie for hours in the sun reading novels, and no parental birchings would rouse him into activity. Bob's "old man"—one of those New England farmers who only keep the wolf from the door by the most incessant exertions—tried his errant son at almost every thing. Bob "'tended store"—he was help to the village doctor—assisted the constable to "warn" the free and enlightened electors that they should on a certain day come to the polls and deposit their votes for some proper person to represent them in General Court; but as for any particular occupation, Bob would none of it.

In fact, Master Bob waited so long at the cross-roads, that all of his compeers were on the highway of life before he had made up his mind which path to take.

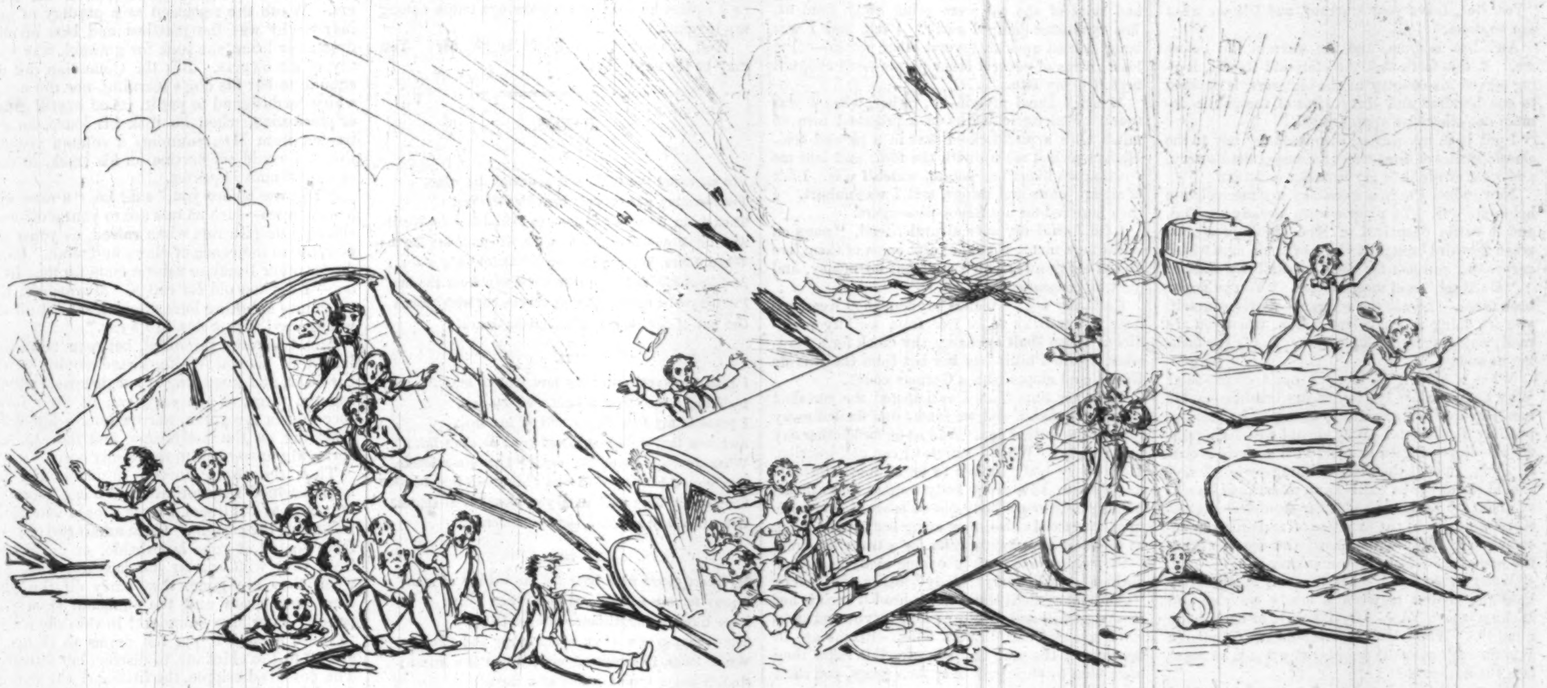
I had left Barkhampstead several years, and had only cursory glimpses of its respected inhabitants. Bob, I heard, had got married—queer, isn't it, that all these fellows will get married, and always have the nicest wives in the world?—then rushed at the



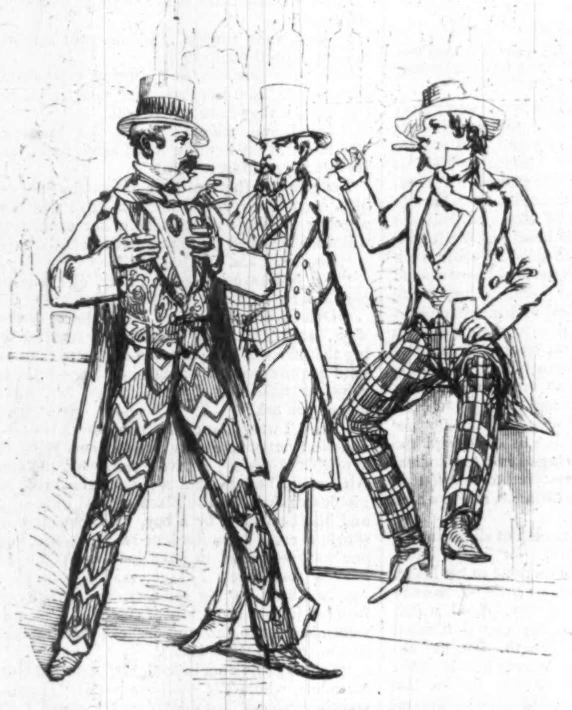
FLOWERS OF THE WEST.



THE GENTLEMANLY CONDUCTOR.



OUR LITTLE ACCIDENT.



SQUABTOWN *vs.* SHECARGO.

call of his country and Mr. Secretary Marcy to fight the Mexicans. There the record ended.

One day I was sitting alone in my office, in that state of mind when one thinks he ought to be doing something, and has not moral courage enough to do it, when my boy, who had been talking politics with another youth also "in the law," announced that "one of them wolunteers" desired to see me. I ordered the warrior to be admitted. It was Bob; Bob in rags—Bob somewhat drunk—Bob very thin —Bob quite ill.

I could not say "I'm glad to see you." I was not. I could not say "How are you?" It was plain that Bob was near to a paragraph in the daily papers, which paragraph should lament the death of one of the bravest defenders of the American eagle, and abuse the Government for allowing the aforesaid defender to kill himself with bad liquor.

I said, "Bob, sit down."

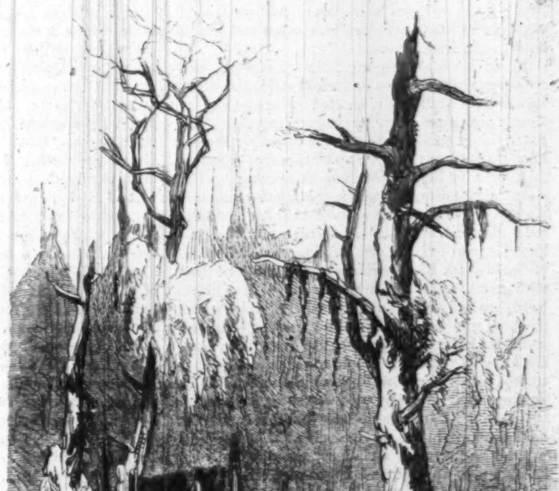
Bob sat down. His nerves danced like the keys of an Erard piano under the fingers of a Thalberg. He spoke in jerks like the shocks of a galvanic battery. "I'm sorry—jerk—to trouble—jerk—you, Squire—jerk—but—jerk—I'm very—jerk—poor. Come back—jerk—Mexico; nothing—jerk—but brevet—jerk—and chronic diarrhœa. Have—jerk —take brandy—jerk—laudanum—people—jerk—think git drunk—jerk—'taint so—jerk. Very sick —jerk—that's all"—jerks without number.

"What can I do for you, Bob? Any thing possible you may command of me."

Ah! the magic of a kind word! It is the manna falling in the desert wherein the forsaken walks day after day, looking in vain for one green spot.

Bob went on more courageously than before:

"You see, Squire, I have a wife and three children. They live in Jersey City. Wife—splendid wife she is too!—works for us all. I came over today to get her money, and met some of the old boys. They wanted me to spout my land-warrant—got that yet, Squire," proudly; "but Bill Smith, who was in the Rangers, said how he'd located his'n and made a lot o' money off from it. And I know, Squire, 'twon't be long before I'll hear my last tattoo, and I thought maybe you'd tell me what's best to do with my warrant, so the old woman and the children can get something out of it. It's all I've got for 'em, and I have putty nigh worried 'em to death this last two year."



THE CITY OF EDEN.

MY HOTEL—TIME: DINNER.

So there was a bit of good left in Bob after all. "Yes, Bob, leave your warrant, and I'll see what can be done."

And Bob is gone, and the warrant lies before me. It sets forth that the aforesaid Robert, having served his country in the big wars, is entitled, to one hundred and sixty acres of the public domain not otherwise appropriated.

I put it in my pocket, dismissed my boy to the classic shades of some street far east of the Bowery, and went straight to my bachelor quarters.

Now, when I'm in a quandary my meerschaum helps me out. Two pipes were already smoked, and I really despaired of Mrs. Bob's prospects, when the third brought a vision of a thin man with a carpet-bag *en route* for the —— Railway station.

"Go West," said meerschaum. "You've never been there. Locate the warrant—flatter yourself you are doing a benevolent action, when you are really enjoying a selfish pleasure. That's the fashion nowadays."

What a bore it is to pack one's carpet-bag! Why does one always forget his brushes—or his handkerchiefs, or something else that he can not possibly do without? Why should we—living under the star-spangled banner, with a glorious constitution, and all that sort of thing—why, I say, should we *always* be bullied and robbed and knocked about by hackmen and other scoundrels, ostensibly engaged in the business of assisting our locomotion? Why—but what's the use of asking the question? Nobody can answer it.

Well, never mind. Let the vail of obscurity hide the contest between a lonely traveler and hackney-coach No. —. By-the-way, he hadn't any number. When Mr. Superintendent Tallmadge gets through with the organs, why won't he regulate the hackmen?

After a lively and prolonged contest I succeeded in getting on board the —— Railway ferry-boat, where every body runs against every body, and pokes valises and things into every body's ribs, apparently from pure love of the thing. It was an evening train, and when we reached the cars all the tall men took four seats and all the short men two. I am a quiet man—these fellows looked savage, and I took my place in a corner seat which nobody else would have.

In an hour or two my fellow-passengers had "disposed" themselves in various attitudes—their legs twisted high in air, knotted under the seat, or thrust into some other passenger's pocket. The gentlemanly conductor—as he is called by the editors of the country papers, who ride free—seemed to have a malicious pleasure in stirring up the sleepy passengers. He was a gem, that conductor. He had a nice blue coat with beautiful bright buttons, diamond studs in his shirt, a diamond pin likewise, and brilliants on his fingers which made his hands look like shoulders of mutton garnished with gems. He had a white hat with a black band, probably for his dyed whiskers. He chewed tobacco, was very civil to a few persons whom he seemed to know, and very gruff to every body else. He allowed some six people to ride free, and attracted much attention by his gallant conduct in putting out a small boy who was short a few cents of the fare. I am glad to hear that this conductor has been long in the service. He has had several watches and services of plate presented to him. He has brought up a large family—owns real estate, but *no railroad stock*, and his salary has never been over fifty dollars a month. He is the same fellow who once had a dispute with a lady about the amount of her fare, when she exclaimed, "Very well, Sir, I know how I'll swindle this road." "How?" he inquired. "Why," she returned, "when I ride *I'll always pay you the money!*"

I had just got into a half slumber, and was dreaming that my head was being sawed off by two red monkeys in pasteboard helmets, when a shrill voice cried in my ear, "Sq-u-u-ashtown!—five minutes for refreshments!" I thought of the *buffet* at Epernay, where I had my last railway breakfast—*potage, paté, fillet de bœuf*, plenty of splendid bread and butter, Champagne, coffee, cognac—all for less than fifty cents. That *was* refreshing! But ideas of the refreshing are different in different places. The Squashtown idea of the refreshing is comprised in coffee which has various tastes, but none of them like that of real coffee; a number of thin, consumptive pies, and some cakes, as hard as a railway-director's heart. But this stuff was greedily devoured, as if it included the greatest delicacies. Indeed, if the proprietor of the Squashtown refreshment-station had been a person in good society, with a chateau by the sea and a passion for *fêtes champetre*, he could not have had a more ravenous set of customers. Still I think that of all the unrefreshing refreshment-places that I have ever seen Squashtown is the dryest.

We tumbled over each other into the cars again, and jolted on in a melancholy sort of way. I had bought a book of a peripatetic vendor in the cars. It was called "Sally Smith, the Betrayed Laundress: a Tale of Woman's Faith and Man's Perfidy." I tried to make out as much as I could of Sally's faith by the flickering light. I was just in the place where Sally, flying from a villain of the blackest dye, has jumped out of a window from the sill of which she hangs by her hands. The villain of the blackest dye takes a hatchet out of the top of his long boot, and, raising it high in air, threatens to chop off Miss Smith's fingers in case she does not resign herself to his wicked proposals—whatever they are; the book don't say—thereby incapacitating her from performing the duties of her vocation, by which she supports a mother and two boys (brothers), one of whom is good and clean, and goes to Sabbath-school; while the other runs with Forty-four, and infects the Bowery pit, and has Socialistic prejudices against all tyranny, and especially against the tyranny of soap and water. The author leaves you at the end of a chapter uncertain whether Miss Smith saved her fingers and her virtue by breaking her legs, or whether she lost all but honor, or whether she lost that; and I was trying to come at the facts in the case when I heard a bump! bump! bump!' then a r-r-r-r-ip! then a c-r-r-r-*rash!* and then it appeared as if the flooring and sides of the car were going away from us. The conductor jumped early. I felt that I was being mixed up with several other people—or, at least, parts of several other people—and resigned myself to my fate.......

When I found myself—or, rather, when I was found by an agriculturist of a practical turn of mind, with a pitchfork—I was in a plowed field. He had picked me up with the fork, and laid me down again like a bad potato, which I was. I felt of all my joints and things, and I was unhurt. I then inquired for my fellow-passengers.

"Oh," said my agricultural friend, "none on 'em is hurt much, if any, except some of them 'ere Dutch emigrants, which ain't got no money, and ain't no consequence!"

Certainly not! Well, Corydon, thou livest too near the railway to be free from worldly prejudices. Thou shalt exchange thy crook for a yard-stick, while Phillis has her hat from the Rue de Rivoli, and elopes with a German count.

In better time than I anticipated the smashed car was replaced, and we fumed and fizzled away toward the setting sun. And so on for another day and a night. What I suffered I can not describe. How every body strives to be as uncomfortable as possible; how every body forgets to wash his hands; how every body chews tobacco, and spits upon every body else; how every body wears black as the most appropriate color for a traveling-dress—they are sure to have mourning ready in case of accident; how every "lady" insists that every "gentleman" shall stand on his head if such is her sovereign will and pleasure; how servile and awkward some of our Western fellow-citizens are in presence of the sex; and what terrible rakes they have been by their talk over their grogs, you shall see when you go there.

We have arrived at last at a great city, where they have planked sidewalks and no pavements; where every body talks about nothing but horses, whisky, and real estate. It is curious to hear two fellows from opposition Western "cities" disputing as to their comparative prospects. They are as *bizarre* in their English as in their style of costume, which is made up of the loudest colors and the biggest stripes. The gentleman from Squabtown insists that Sheeargo is going down. "Can't pay what you owe, stranger. Railroads all goin' away from yer. Tain't no use. Better sell eout neow. Sell eout, I tell *yeou*, and buy city lots in Squabtown. Bound to be the greatest place on top of the airth. There was some money to be made in Sheeargo once, but not neow. Sell eout!"

And Squabtown put himself in an attitude at once patronizing, triumphant, and conciliating.

The wrath of Sheeargo was something magnificent. He took a handful of tobacco, packed it away in his immense mouth (larger than the crater of Vesuvius), exuded a stream of saliva equal to a jet from the Park fountain, and proceeded to pronounce an anathema upon every thing in general, and Squabtown in particular. The whole place—inhabitants and all—was consigned to eternal perdition, and I thought it would end in a fight. Not so; the *finale* was two whiskys, which were succeeded by two more whiskys, and then more whisky—then more discussion—then more whisky, against the usual effects of which my friends seemed to be thoroughly seasoned.

My hotel was a curious institution. Every thing in it was regulated by the arrival or departure of a railway train. The clerks looked like my friend the railway conductor. When I asked for a room the "gentlemanly" book-keeper said, "Six thirty—through without change of cars." After a while he put me in a small dry goods' box over a stable, at which I remonstrated mildly, and asked for the landlord. Good Heavens! such a thing was never heard of. He was a member of the Legislature, land-speculator, whisky-distiller, horse-jockey—in fact he did every thing but keep a hotel. He occasionally made himself familiar with you after he had robbed you several times, as a highwayman might smile and bow to an old customer.

There was a splendid bill of fare for the *table d'hôte*. Soup, fish, six boiled dishes, a dozen *entrées* (in bad French), and so on. The waiters fell over one another sometimes, and always spilled the gravy over some young woman's new gown. The people ate with their knives, and piled their plates high with a little of every thing. It required an accomplished general to get any thing to eat there. The *carte* I found was no guide to what there was really to eat. The *entrées* were stereotyped; but after a severe skirmish I managed to get some raw beef and a piece of pie. Always pie! It is a shame that, with such splendid raw material as they have in the West, the cooking should be so detestable. These fellows can not cook a dinner, for the very excellent reason that they never ate one.

But I can not linger even in this Paradise. I have a warrant to locate, and I must go still farther West to do it. The Land Office informs me that I am entitled to one hundred and sixty acres in a certain township where one day there will be a city, after the plan of the Eden celebrated in "Martin Chuzzlewit." It doesn't look very encouraging, but it's the best we can do.

* * * * * * *

Two years have elapsed. Bob has gone down to what is poetically called a soldier's grave, although whisky had more to do with it than "guns and wounds." The flourishing city of Eden has become a smart town, and the widow can sell her acres for ten thousand dollars. Go on, great West! and prosper. We may have our laugh at your follies, but still we can be proud at your progress, and glory in your glory. The star of empire is with you. That it may never set, is our prayer as well as yours.

* * * * * * *

It's very lonely here, and meerschaum is not so good a companion as it once was. The tobacco has a bitter taste, and the fire is out while I am thinking of other days. I'll go to see Mrs. Bob. Well, she is a nice person, and why shouldn't I?

When I go next to the West there may possibly be a square hat-box and a Saratoga trunk among my luggage.

Well, it's our fate. Don't laugh, Sir! You may be the next victim.

JONES.

I.

WE sit round the table and pour out the wine,
Transforming our crystals to rubies divine;
Then drain them to Freedom, to Friendship, to Worth,
And think ourselves great as the Kings of the Earth;
When Jones, interrupting, says, "Drinking's a sin,
And headache and heartache are drawn from the bin."
Fill the goblet again, not with cheers, but with groans—
Get out of our sunshine, ridiculous Jones!

II.

I read the sweet letter my love sent to me,
Inclosing a rose from a land o'er the sea;
I press to my fond lips a curl of her hair,
And own that she's loving and good as she's fair;
When Jones, interrupting, says, "Love's a mistake,
And women but play with men's hearts till they break."
I answer, "Why not? if they're bloodless as stones?
Get out of my sunshine, detestable Jones!"

III.

My heart glows with hope for the welfare of man;
I pray for my fellows, and help when I can;
I see through the distance of ages to be,
The many, grown wiser, made happy and free;
When Jones, interrupting, says, "Man is a knave;
And, if not a tyrant, a fool or a slave."
I answer, "There's kind human flesh on my bones—
Get out of my sunshine, cadaverous Jones!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

The Vagrant having got his dog, proceeds to hunt Fortune with it, leaving behind him a trap to catch rats. What the trap does catch is "just like his luck!"

SIR ISAAC, to designate him by his new name, improved much upon acquaintance. He was still in the ductile season of youth, and took to learning as an amusement to himself. His last master, a stupid sot, had not gained his affections—and perhaps even the old soldier, though gratefully remembered and mourned, had not stolen into his innermost heart, as Waife and Sophy gently contrived to do. In short, in a very few days he became perfectly accustomed and extremely attached to them. When Waife had ascertained the extent of his accomplishments, and added somewhat to their range in matters which cost no great trouble, he applied himself to the task of composing a little drama, which might bring them all into more interesting play, and in which, though Sophy and himself were performers, the dog had the *premier rôle*. And as soon as this was done, and the dog's performances thus ranged into methodical order and sequence, he resolved to set off to a considerable town at some distance, and to which Mr. Rugge was no visitor.

His bill at the cottage made but slight inroad into his pecuniary resources; for in the intervals of leisure from his instructions to Sir Isaac, Waife had performed various little services to the lone widow with whom they lodged, which Mrs. Saunders (such was her name) insisted upon regarding as money's worth. He had repaired and regulated to a minute an old clock which had taken no note of time for the last three years; he had mended all the broken crockery by some cement of his own invention, and for which she got him the materials. And here his ingenuity was remarkable, for when there was only a fragment to be found of a cup, and a fragment or two of a saucer, he united them both into some pretty form, which, if not useful, at all events looked well on a shelf. He bound, in smart, showy papers, sundry tattered old books which had belonged to his landlady's defunct husband, a Scotch gardener, and which she displayed on a side-table, under the Japan tea-tray. More than all, he was of service to her in her vocation; for Mrs. Saunders eked out a small pension—which she derived from the affectionate providence of her Scotch husband, in insuring his life in her favor—by the rearing and sale of poultry; and Waife saved her the expense of a carpenter by the construction of a new coop, elevated above the reach of the rats, who had hitherto made sad ravage among the chickens; while he confided to her certain secrets in the improvement of breed and the cheaper processes of fattening, which excited her gratitude no less than her wonder. "The fact is," said Gentleman Waife, "that my life has known make-shifts. Once, in a foreign country, I kept poultry upon the principle that the poultry should keep me."

Strange it was to notice such versatility of invention, such readiness of resource, such familiarity with divers nooks and crannies in the practical experience of life, in a man now so hard put to it for a livelihood. There are persons, however, who might have a good stock of talent, if they did not turn it all into small change. And you, reader, know as well as I do, that when a sovereign or a shilling is once broken into, the change scatters and dispends itself in a way quite unaccountable. Still coppers are useful in household bills; and when Waife was really at a pinch, somehow or other, by hook or by crook, he scraped together intellectual halfpence enough to pay his way.

Mrs. Saunders grew quite fond of her lodgers. Waife she regarded as a prodigy of genius; Sophy was the prettiest and best of children; Sir Isaac, she took for granted, was worthy of his owners. But the Comedian did not confide to her his dog's learning, nor the use to which he designed to put it. And in still greater precaution, when he took his leave, he extracted from Mrs. Saunders a solemn promise that she would set no one on his track, in case of impertinent inquiries.

"You see before you," said he, "a man who has enemies—such as rats are to your chickens: chickens despise rats when raised, as yours are now, above the reach of claws and teeth. Some day or other I may so raise a coop for that little one—I am too old for coops. Meanwhile, if a rat comes sneaking here after us, send it off the wrong way, with a flea in its ear."

Mrs. Saunders promised, between tears and laughter; blessed Waife, kissed Sophy, patted Sir Isaac, and stood long at her threshold watching the three, as the early sun lit their forms receding in the green, narrow lane—dew-drops sparkling on the hedgerows, and the sky-lark springing upward from the young corn.

Then she slowly turned in-doors, and her home seemed very solitary. We can accustom ourselves to loneliness, but we should beware of infringing the custom. Once admit two or three faces seated at your hearthside, or gazing out from your windows on the laughing sun, and when they are gone, they carry off the glow from your grate and the sunbeam from your panes. Poor Mrs. Saunders! in vain she sought to rouse herself, to put the rooms to rights, to attend to the chickens, to distract her thoughts. The one-eyed cripple, the little girl, the shaggy-faced dog, still haunted her; and when at noon she dined all alone off the remnants of the last night's social supper, the very click of the renovated clock seemed to say, "Gone, gone;" and muttering, "Ah! gone," she reclined back on her chair, and indulged herself in a good womanlike cry. From this luxury she was startled by a knock at the door. "Could they have come back?" No; the door opened, and a genteel young man, in a black coat and white neckloth, stepped in.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am—your name's Saunders—sell poultry?"

"At your service, Sir. Spring chickens!" Poor people, whatever their grief, must sell their chickens, if they have any to sell.

"Thank you, ma'am; not at this moment. The fact is, that I call to make some inquiries. Have not you lodgers here?"

Lodgers! at that word the expanding soul of Mrs. Saunders reclosed hermetically; the last warning of Waife revibrated in her ears: this white-neckclothed gentleman, was he not a rat?

"No, Sir, I han't no lodgers."

"But you have had some lately, eh? a crippled elderly man and a little girl."

"Don't know any thing about them; leastways," said Mrs. Saunders, suddenly remembering that she was told less to deny facts than to send inquirers upon wrong directions—"leastways, at this blessed time. Pray, Sir, what makes you ask?"

"Why, I was instructed to come down to ——, and find out where this person, one William Waife, had gone. Arrived yesterday, ma'am. All I could hear is, that a person answering to his description left the place several days ago, and had been seen by a boy, who was tending sheep, to come down the lane to your house, and you were supposed to have lodgers (You take lodgers sometimes, I think, ma'am); because you had been buying some trifling articles of food not in your usual way of custom. Circumstantial evidence, ma'am—you can have no motive to conceal the truth."

"I should think not indeed, Sir," retorted Mrs. Saunders, whom the ominous words "circumstantial evidence" set doubly on her guard. "I did see a gentleman such as you mention, and a pretty young lady, about ten days agone, or so, and they did lodge here a night or two, but they are gone to—"

"Yes, ma'am—gone where?"

"Lunnon."

"Really—very likely. By the train or on foot?"

"On foot, I s'pose."

"Thank you, ma'am. If you should see them again, or hear where they are, oblige me by conveying this card to Mr. Waife. My employer, ma'am, Mr. Gotobed, Craven Street, Strand—eminent solicitor. He has something of importance to communicate to Mr. Waife."

"Yes, Sir—a lawyer; I understand." And as of all rat-like animals in the world Mrs. Saunders had the ignorance to deem a lawyer was the most emphatically devouring, she congratulated herself with her whole heart on the white lies she had told in favor of the intended victims.

The blackcoated gentleman having thus obeyed his instructions, and attained his object, nodded, went his way, and regained the fly which he had left at the turnstile. "Back to the inn," cried he—"quick—I must be in time for the three o'clock train to London."

And thus terminated the result of the great barrister's first instructions to his eminent solicitor to discover a lame man and a little girl. No inquiry, on the whole, could have been more skillfully conducted. Mr. Gotobed sends his head clerk—the head clerk employs the policeman of the village—gets upon the right track—comes to the right house—and is altogether in the wrong—in a manner highly creditable to his researches.

"In London, of course—all people of that kind come back to London," said Mr. Gotobed. "Give me the heads in writing, that I may report to my distinguished client. Most satisfactory. That young man will push his way—business-like and methodical."

CHAPTER VII.

The cloud has its silver lining.

Thus turning his back on the good fortune which he had so carefully cautioned Mrs. Saunders against favoring on his behalf, the vagrant was now on his way to the ancient municipal town of Gatesborough, which being the nearest place of fitting opulence and population, Mr. Waife had resolved to honor with the *début* of Sir Isaac as soon as he had appropriated to himself the services of that promising quadruped. He had consulted a map of the county before quitting Mr. Merle's roof, and ascertained that he could reach Gatesborough by a short cut for foot-travelers along fields and lanes. He was always glad to avoid the high-road: doubtless for such avoidance he had good reasons. But prudential reasons were in this instance supported by vagrant inclinations. High-roads are for the prosperous. By-paths and ill-luck go together. But by-paths have their charm, and ill-luck its pleasant moments.

They passed, then, from the high-road into a long succession of green pastures, through which a straight public path conducted them into one of those charming lanes never seen out of this bowery England—a lane deep sunk amidst high banks, with overhanging oaks, and quivering ash, gnarled witch-elm, vivid holly, and shaggy brambles, with wild convolvulus and creeping woodbine forcing sweet life through all. Sometimes the banks opened abruptly, leaving patches of greensward, and peeps through still sequestered gates, or over moss-grown pales, into the park or paddock of some rural thane. New villas or old manor-houses on lawny uplands, knitting, as it were, together, England's feudal memories with England's free-born hopes—the old land with its young people; for England is so old, and the English are so young! And the gray cripple and the bright-haired child often paused, and gazed upon the demesnes and homes of owners whose lots were cast in such pleasant places. But there was no grudging envy in their gaze; perhaps because their life was too remote from those grand belongings. And therefore they could enjoy and possess every banquet of the eye. For at least the beauty of what we see is ours for the moment, on the simple condition that we do not covet the thing which gives to our eyes that beauty. As the measureless sky and the unnumbered stars are equally granted to king and to beggar—and in our wildest ambition we do not sigh for a monopoly of the empyrean, or the fee-simple of the planets—so the earth too, with all its fenced gardens and embattled walls—all its landmarks of stern property and churlish ownership—is ours too by right of eye. Ours to gaze on the fair possessions with such delight as the gaze can give; grudging to the unseen owner his other, and it may be more troubled rights, as little as we grudge an astral proprietor his acres of light in Capricorn. Benignant is the law that saith, "*Thou shalt not covet.*"

When the sun was at the highest, our wayfarers found a shadowy nook for their rest and repast. Before them ran a shallow limpid trout-stream; on the other side its margin, low grassy meadows, a farm-house at the distance, backed by a still grove, from which rose a still church-tower and its still spire. Behind them a close-shaven sloping lawn terminated the hedgerow of the lane; seen clearly above it, with parterres of flowers on the sward—drooping lilacs and laburnums farther back, and a pervading fragrance from the brief-lived and rich syringas. The cripple had climbed over a wooden rail that separated the lane from the rill, and seated himself under the shade of a fantastic hollow thorn-tree. Sophy, reclined beside him, was gathering some pale scentless violets from a mound which the brambles had guarded from the sun. The dog had descended to the waters to quench his thirst; but still stood knee-deep in the shallow stream, and appeared lost in philosophical contemplation of a swarm of minnows which his immersion had disturbed; but which now made itself again visible on the further side of the glassy brook, undulating round and round a tiny rocklet which interrupted the glide of the waves, and caused them to break into a low melodious murmur. "For these and all thy mercies, O Lord, make us thankful," said the Victim of Ill-luck, in the tritest words of a pious custom. But never, perhaps, at aldermanic feasts, was the grace more sincerely said.

And then he untied the bundle, which the dog, who had hitherto carried it by the way, had now carefully deposited at his side. "As I live," ejaculated Waife, "Mrs. Saunders is a woman in ten thousand. See, Sophy, not contented with the bread and cheese to which I bade her stint her beneficence, a whole chicken—a little cake too for you, Sophy; she has not even forgotten the salt. Sophy, that woman deserves the handsomest token of our gratitude; and we will present her with a silver tea-pot the first moment we can afford it."

His spirits exhilarated by the unexpected good cheer, the Comedian gave way to his naturally blithe humor; and between every mouthful he rattled or rather drolled on, now infant-like, now sage-like. He cast out the rays of his liberal humor, careless where they fell—on the child—on the dog—on the fishes that played beneath the wave—on the cricket that chirped amidst the grass: the woodpecker tapped the tree, and the cripple's merry voice answered it in bird-like mimicry. To this riot of genial babble there was a listener, of whom neither grandfather nor grandchild was aware. Concealed by thick brushwood a few paces farther on, a young angler, who might be five or six and twenty, had seated himself, just before the arrival of our vagrant to those banks and waters, for the purpose of changing an unsuccessful fly. At the sound of voices, perhaps suspecting an unlicensed rival—for that part of the stream was preserved—he had suspended his task, and noiselessly put aside the clustering leaves to reconnoitre. The piety of Waife's simple grace seemed to surprise him pleasingly, for a sweet approving smile crossed his lips. He continued to look and to listen. He forgot the fly, and a trout sailed him by unheeded. But Sir Isaac, having probably satisfied his speculative mind as to the natural attributes of minnows, now slowly reascended the bank, and after a brief halt and a sniff, walked majestically toward the hidden observer, looked at him with great solemnity, and uttered an inquisitive bark—a bark not hostile, not menacing; purely and dryly interrogative. Thus detected, the angler rose; and Waife, whose attention was attracted that way by the bark, saw him, called to Sir Isaac, and said politely, "There is no harm in my dog, Sir."

The young man muttered some inaudible reply, and, lifting up his rod, as in sign of his occupation or excuse for his vicinity, put aside the intervening foliage, and stepped quietly to Waife's side. Sir Isaac followed him—sniffed again—seemed satisfied; and, seating himself on his haunches, fixed his attention upon the remains of the chicken which lay defenseless on the grass. The new-comer was evidently of the rank of gentleman; his figure was slim and graceful, his face pale, meditative, refined. He would have impressed you at once with the idea of what he really was—an Oxford scholar; and you would, perhaps, have guessed him designed for the ministry of the Church, if not actually in orders.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Waife excites the admiration, and benignly pities the infirmity of an Oxford scholar.

"You are str—str—strangers?" said the Oxonian, after a violent exertion to express himself, caused by an impediment in his speech.

Waife. "Yes, Sir, travelers. I trust we are not trespassing: this is not private ground, I think?"

Oxonian. "And if—f—f—f it were, my f—f—father would not war—n—n you off—ff—f."

"It is your father's ground then? Sir, I beg you a thousand pardons."

The apology was made in the Comedian's grandest style—it imposed greatly on the young scholar. Waife might have been a duke in disguise; but I will do the angler the justice to say that such discovery of rank would have impressed him little more in the vagrant's favor. It had been that impromptu "grace"—that thanksgiving which the scholar felt was for something more than the carnal food—which had first commanded his respect and wakened his interest. Then that innocent, careless talk, part uttered to dog and child—part soliloquized—part thrown out to the ears of the lively teeming Nature, had touched a somewhat kindred chord in the angler's soul, for he was somewhat of a poet and much of a soliloquist, and could confer with Nature, nor feel that impediment in speech which obstructed his intercourse with men. Having thus far indicated that oral defect in our new acquaintance, the reader will cheerfully excuse me for not enforcing it overmuch. Let it be among the things *sub audita*, as the sense of it gave to a gifted and aspiring nature, thwarted in the sublime career of preacher, an exquisite mournful pain. And I no more like to raise a laugh at his infirmity behind his back, than I should before his pale, powerful, melancholy face—therefore I suppress the infirmity in giving his reply.

Oxonian. "On the other side the lane where the garden slopes downward is my father's house. This ground is his property certainly, but he puts it to its best use, in lending it to those who so piously acknowledge that Father from whom all good comes. Your child, I presume, Sir?"

"My grandchild."

"She seems delicate; I hope you have not far to go?"

"Not very far, thank you, Sir. But my little girl looks more delicate than she is. You are not tired, darling?"

"Oh, not at all!" There was no mistaking the looks of real love interchanged between the old man and the child: the scholar felt much interested and somewhat puzzled. "Who and what could they be? so unlike foot wayfarers!" On the other hand, too, Waife took a liking to the courteous young man, and conceived a sincere pity for his physical affliction. But he did not for those reasons depart from the discreet caution he had prescribed to himself in seeking new fortunes and shunning old perils, so he turned the subject.

"You are an angler, Sir? I suppose the trout in this stream run small."

"Not very—a little higher up I have caught them at four pounds weight."

Waife. "There goes a fine fish yonder—see! balancing himself between those weeds."

Oxonian. "Poor fellow, let him be safe today. After all, it is a cruel sport, and I should break myself of it. But it is strange that whatever our love for Nature, we always seek some excuse for trusting ourselves alone to her. A gun—a rod—a sketch-book—a geologist's hammer—an entomologist's net—something."

Waife. "Is it not because all our ideas would run wild if not concentrated on a definite pursuit? Fortune and Nature are earnest females, though popular beauties; and they do not look upon coquettish triflers in the light of genuine wooers."

The Oxonian who, in venting his previous remark, had thought it likely he should be above his listener's comprehension, looked surprised. What pursuits, too, had this one-eyed philosopher!

"You have a definite pursuit, Sir?"

"I—alas—when a man moralizes, it is a sign that he has known error: it is because I have been a trifler that I rail against triflers. And talking of that, time flies, and we must be off and away."

Sophy retied the bundle. Sir Isaac, on whom, meanwhile, she had bestowed the remains of the chicken, jumped up and described a circle.

"I wish you success in your pursuit, whatever it be," stuttered out the angler.

"And I no less heartily, Sir, wish you success in yours."

"Mine! Success there is beyond my power."

"How, Sir? Does it rest so much with others?"

"No, my failure is in myself. My career should be the Church, my pursuit the cure of souls, and—and—this pitiful infirmity! How can I speak the Divine Word—I—I—a stutterer!"

The young man did not pause for an answer, but plunged through the brushwood that bespread the banks of the rill, and his hurried path could be traced by the wave of the foliage through which he forced his way.

"We all have our burdens," said Gentleman Waife, as Sir Isaac took up the bundle, and stalked on, placid and refreshed.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS, FANCY FREE.

I am a lone, lorn woman! Mrs. Gummidge wasn't a circumstance to me! I need public sympathy, and if I don't get it I won't answer for the consequences!

I am a spinster of—well I won't bore you with particulars, but I *am* turned of twenty-five, and I have just returned from the *wedding* of a girl of sixteen!! I have borne weddings of eighteen and twenty with an exemplary patience that Job might have envied; but when it comes to *six*-teen—I leave it to your sense of decency, dear reader, if it is not enough to exasperate a seraph.

Not that twenty-five and upward (I have no intention of denying my age, whatever my nieces may say), not that twenty-five and upward is old, but sixteen is so absurdly young! Why, even *I* can remember seeing the impertinent little chit in corals and long clothes (to be sure I must have been in pantelettes and pinafores myself), and there she was in a vail and orange blossoms, actually looking as self-possessed as if getting married were quite an every-day affair, and "of no sort of consequence!" The brazen-faced little hussy! In my day—ahem! I would say a few years ago—a girl of that age would have been studying grammar, in a chintz frock and silk apron, with the vail and orange blossoms floating like a dim white cloud in some far-off vista of the imaginary future; but mothers were not mere chaperons then, and fathers were something more than muck-rakes.

One thing I am resolved on—*my* daughters shall know how to blush! I stared her full in the face, but her color never deepened by the shadow of a shade! She only tossed up her silly little head, as much as to say, "Don't you wish *you* could?" As if *such* a bridegroom would be any temptation! As I'm a living girl, I don't believe he was twenty! What could his mother have been thinking of? If she was tired of taking care of him, she had better have chosen a woman capable of washing his face and curling his hair for him—not that I know any sensible woman who would undertake the task, however.

Bless me, what a farce that beautiful marriage service is become: "Wilt thou have this *man* to thy wedded husband?" Couldn't a dispensation be had from somewhere for introducing the words boy and girl on such occasions? It would seem less like a mockery when a real man and woman do by any chance get married.

"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part." Much *they* know of the poverty, and toil, and sickness, and strife, and discouragement, and sorrow, through which this vow may lead them!

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow." I wonder what it was he gave away in such a wholesale fashion. The snowy shirt with its delicate embroidery was mamma's work; Ball and Black have a claim on the diamond studs and sleeve-buttons, the faultless coat and vest and inexpressibles belong to his tailor, and the dainty boots to his shoemaker; so there is nothing left for little miss but the shadowy mustache, that curls like a reminiscence of cigar-smoke round the corners of his rosy little mouth, and, if that is worth any thing, the barber has the best right to it. Oh! the men, or rather the boys, that girls will marry!

As if *any one* could not marry at sixteen, if they would accept the first popinjay that offered himself. When *I* was sixteen I had plenty of lovers to spare, and I didn't make a business of entangling them either. Girls in my time did not offer themselves up as sacrifices to the "piano dragon" for the sake of a husband; neither were they employed as walking advertisements by milliners; neither did they allow experimental embraces in public. *They* wore substantial silk gowns with bodies, and sleeves—instead of gossamer skirts with a waistband; and they staid at home and helped their mothers, or stitched their samplers, and learned their catechisms, and sung God's praise in the church; instead of gadding about half dressed, or reading French novels, or braying at the moon. When *they* wanted recreation they found it in the blue skies, and sunshine, and flowers, in the broad meadows, and winding streams, and silent woods, God's own eternal play-room for his weary children; and not in gaslight and polkas, and flirting, and flummery. *They* knew the difference between a spinning-wheel and a big bumble-bee, and they didn't go into hysterics at the sight of a cow!

However its none of my business. If the men *and boys* of the present day, prefer a French doll, or an animated crochet hook, to a wholesome, sound-hearted, sensible woman, they are quite welcome to their choice. If they like their children to be trained by an Irish bog-trotter, and their dinners cooked by a frog-eating Frenchman, *I* shall not object—I wash *my* hands of the matter—and I abjure the sex from baby to grand-sire from this day forward! I'll live and die an "old maid" and glory in the title!

But I must tell you all about my lovers, if only I knew where to begin. There was little Willie T——, my first boy lover at the village school. How we used to hunt together for the first wild violets, and build bridges over the brook, and play hide-and-seek among the hay-cocks, and walk home hand in hand, in "the gloamin" (as Willie's Scotch mother had taught him to call it), drawing very near together as we passed the strip of wood-land—not so much from fear of the fairies, and hobgoblins, with which it was supposed to be infested, as because our mutual sense of protection and reliance was so very pleasant. Dear Willie, he would have fought all Brobdignag for me, and I would have suffered martyrdom for him. Willie always brought me the ripest peaches, the rosiest apples, and the sweetest nuts, and Willie's sled was always at my service on the coasting ground. I was very proud of him—of his slight, agile form, of his broad brow, and hazel eyes, and curling hair—and of the treasure of his boyish love. But Willie died of scarlet fever, and my heart went into mourning for a year and a day—there's a stray weed there yet, sacred to Willie. I tended the willow beside the little grave, and planted violets and daisies on it, and Willie's mother was my dearest friend—until she followed him.

I wonder if they are waiting for me in the better land. Sometimes I hope so—for in the still night watches, when the moon has gone down, and the stars shine out with such a chastened lustre, holier I think than at any other time, as if the moon's superior glory had been a sort of refiner's fire to them—then all this wealth of childish love rolls back upon me like a flood—and the years of weariness, and loneliness, and disappointment, are as if they had never been. It is true, after all, "those whom God hath joined together man can not put asunder," even though one is in Paradise and the other on earth. I must be a better woman for Willie's sake.

Next came Frank Somers, the son of old Squire Somers, whose farm joined my grandfather's—as bonny a farmer lad as one could wish to see. I am afraid he was what I should call awkward, and shock-headed, nowadays—but never mind, there was more real manliness in his stout form, brown, open face, and merry blue eye, than in a whole army of mustachios. I was a perfect contrast to him—the last grandchild, the pet of the old people, and a puny little maiden, full of whims and caprices—but I believe he only liked me the better for that. Oh! the sleigh rides, and "paring bees," and "quilting" parties, where I was Frank's chosen partner, and where it only needed to see Frank in the middle of the ring to know who was "the rose for that young man!" I have mingled in many a more brilliant company since, but never in a happier one than those. But I was sent away to boarding-school, and when I came back the old Squire was dead, and Frank "out West;" so there was an end of that romance.

Until the other day, in a railway car, I chanced to sit opposite a family party. There was a tall, hale-looking farmer, a pale, worn woman, two or three noisy, and rather shock-headed boys with a strangely familiar look in their merry faces, and a baby. The whole party was reeking with water-melon juice, and ankle deep in a recent deposit of nut-shells, orange-peel, and apple-parings; but there was an air of hearty enjoyment about them that contrasted very prettily with the jaded, *blasé* look of their fellow-passengers. I was studying them a little—as I always do my neighbors in a railway car—and "making out" a little history for them, when up jumped the farmer—laying thereby the foundation of a new stratum of water-melon rinds—and held out his hand to me with an unmistakable air of delighted recognition. I must have looked very much puzzled, for a cloud of disappointment came over his honest face as he dropped his hand and said,

"I must be mistaken! I thought it was Molly W——!"

"And so it is," I answered; "but who are you?"

"Why, don't you remember Frank Somers?" (by this time the horny hand was grasping mine with a force that threatened to demolish it). Of course I did remember Frank, and of course I must be led across to make friends with the wife and babies, and invited to partake of the water-melon (pah!), and hear how it all came about. He had bought a big farm out in Michigan, and raised this crop of boys upon it, and brought them "down East" to show them—and were they not noble ones? Yes! they were noble ones—and Frank was a noble fellow—and I was very glad to have met him—but I did not envy the pale mother for all that—and there was my new traveling dress ruined with the water-melon. Not the least among our causes for thankfulness are the trials we are spared—against our will.

Next on the list comes Ned the sailor boy, who went off with the —— Expedition, and who promised to come back a commodore to claim "his Molly O;" and Ned is lying alone there in the Tropic seas with the Southern Cross above him, waiting; and when Ned and I shall meet again he'll be something more than a commodore, for he "knew in whom he trusted." Next came the Irish doctor, who won my heart with his blarney, and who swore like a trooper, and drank something stronger than water, and whom grandfather turned out of doors, thereby breaking my heart—for a season. And last—but I can't tell *that* tale to-night, for my heart is sad with all these memories—and after all it is only the old story of desertion and faithlessness, that has been robbing the bloom from woman's cheek (but not the strength from her heart, thank God!) for these six thousand years. Only if you have an "old maid" among your friends, dear reader, be kind to her for charity's sake, and love her a little, for she is terribly alone.

REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.

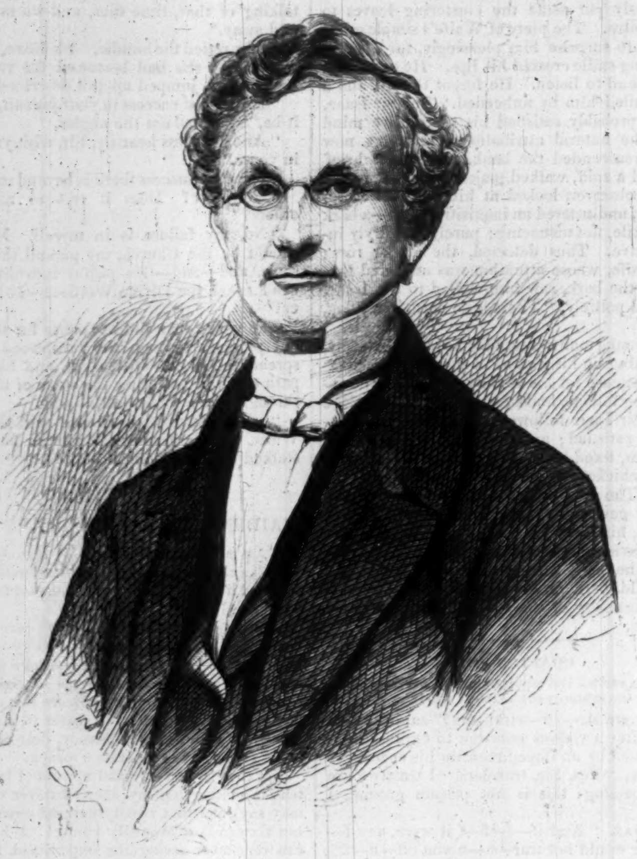
DR. ADAMS is a native of Colchester, Connecticut. His father, John Adams, LL.D.—still living, at the ripe age of more than fourscore years, enjoying the happy retrospect of a laborious and useful life—was Principal of the Academy in that place, from which, however, he removed, while his son was but an infant, to take charge of the Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. Few men are to be found of more rigid and conscientious integrity than the venerable John Adams. We may gain something of an idea of the influences that helped to mould the youthful character of the son, by lingering a moment over the traits of the father.

Already a family of children were around him, and some of the more advanced students of the Academy were members of his household, before religious duty had presented its claims to his mind with their full force. But when they did so there was no hesitation—notwithstanding the self-denial it cost—in meeting them. Calling together the members of his family, the students included, he read the Scripture and knelt to pray, and from that hour his house was no longer prayerless. Sneers and criticisms could not move him from the steadfastness of duty. Many of our most eminent men, in the various spheres of active and professional life, have been indebted to his thorough and faithful training. As an illustration of the severity of his taste we may state that, on one occasion, when a student had selected for declamation the Fourth of July oration of John Quincy Adams, his preceptor interrupted him at the close of the first sentence. "Stop!" said he, "let us look at that: 'Seventeen years has the sun, in the course of his annual revolutions, shone on the plains of independent America!' What does he mean by all that? Why, just this—It is seventeen years since Independence was declared; and why not say so, without using so many words?"

This severity of taste seems largely reproduced in the writings of Dr. Adams. His sentences have few waste words. They are generally short and simple, yet by no means bearing the stamp of dry, logical formulas. His style is singularly elegant and chaste. Just the right words are chosen, and they occupy just the right place. The current of thought flows on—never sluggish, rarely impetuous. It is a silver stream gracefully winding its way between gently-sloping banks, covered to its margin with all the beauty of the smiling landscape. There are no marshes, no cataracts. You admire at once the perspicuity and the beauty of the expression, the clearness and directness of the thought. Not unfrequently some happy illustration, drawn from art or science, or scenes of nature—from some portrait or statue of the old masters, from scenes of history, or the events of busy life—surprises you into involuntary admiration; and you feel that just that very light which the subject needed has been thrown upon it—the very fact, or scene, or incident which was most appropriate has been selected to perform its office.

In that happy faculty of "gathering tribute from every department of science, and every walk of art," which Robert Hall so justly ascribed to Burke, Dr. Adams excels. The extent of his reading must have been immense, and nothing seems to have escaped him. In all departments of general knowledge he is perfectly at home. His memory is a vast repository of interesting incidents, gathered from acquaintance with books, nature, and men. In the palaces and gallery of the Louvre, under the shadow of the Alps, beneath the dome of St. Peter's, in the street or the workshop; from the lips of some patriarch, from the laws of nature, from the discoveries of some explorer, or the curious structure of some work of art, he has gathered up emblems and illustrations that will yet appear to enforce more vividly some familiar truth, or press home upon the conscience some earnest appeal. Well do we remember the thrilling effect produced upon a crowded assembly by his reference, in a sermon preached just after his return from Europe, to the "ominous crack" in the dome of St. Peter's—a fracture which no art could mend—the dire presage of the approaching doom of that Church, with which its name is associated. The manner of the speaker accords well with his style of thought and language. It is one so void of any thing extravagant or striking, as to excite no special observation; and this is its true merit. It does not divert attention from the thoughts uttered.

Dr. Adams is one of the longest resident pastors of the New School Presbyterian Church in this city. Indeed we think that he may claim, without a peer, the patriarchal rank. For more than twenty-two years he has been in the discharge of ministerial duties either in the lower part of the city or in connection with his present church. At the age of twenty-seven he left his New England parish for a visit to the South, on account of the failing health of his wife. Passing through this city, he was induced for a time to supply the pulpit of the Pearl Street Church, then vacant. Ere his engagement there was concluded he was called by the Broome Street Church to become their pastor. In this post he continued for eighteen years. A little more than four years ago there was a general feeling that seemed to require a new church organization of the New School Presbyterians in the upper part of the city. Favorable circumstances indicated Dr. Adams as the man to take charge of the infant enterprise. A large and imposing structure was reared upon ground secured on the corner of 24th Street and Madison Avenue, and the vast edifice was soon crowded by an admiring and appreciating audience. The success of the enterprise was established beyond a peradventure.



REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D.

Dr. Adams of course occupies a very prominent position in the denomination to which he belongs. Although inferior to many in the tact that can control the action of deliberative assemblies, or the readiness of debate that can seize and improve the decisive moment—for, although never at a loss for words, he does not excel in extemporary effort unless under the strong spur of the occasion—he has yet, as Moderator of the General Assembly, shared the highest honor which it is in its power to bestow. The place of meeting in the year when he was elected to the office was the City of Washington, and when the members of the Assembly called upon the President, Dr. Adams performed his part in an introductory speech which, for beauty of thought and gracefulness of manner, could not have been excelled. His sermon at the opening of the Assembly at Buffalo was a masterly effort, rich with the fruits of a ripe scholarship and maturity of thought. Its only weakness was a seeming ostentation of that large familiarity with the classic authors of literary and theological merit which the author undoubtedly possesses.

The published works of Dr. Adams are not numerous. Quite a number of his sermons have been printed, some of them in the *National Preacher*, some in occasional pamphlet form. His tribute to the memory of Professor Stuart is a beautiful wreath laid by a grateful pupil upon the grave of his beloved teacher and intimate friend. The only work at all extended which he has given to the press is "The Three Gardens," the plan and materials of which had long been deliberated upon, but which, in the pressure and bustle of parochial duty, failed in its author's mind to meet the ideal which he had proposed. "The Three Gardens" are those of Eden, Gethsemane, and Paradise. Apostasy, Redemption, and Final Blessedness are the themes. On these topics the doctrines of Evangelical Christianity are wreathed with graceful exposition and beautiful illustration. The work is in reality a system of theology in an eminently practical and pleasing form. It was a neat and appropriate thought to make "The Three Gardens" the types of man fallen, man redeemed, and man glorified.

On the great questions of the day Dr. Adams is perfectly at home. He is a keen observer of passing events. He seems, however, to feel a conscientious repugnance to mingling personally in matters which do not come plainly within his own sphere. We think no man ever complained of his preaching political sermons. He is by nature and by education eminently conservative. His good taste would keep him from riding a hobby. He would not consider it proper to parade abroad on any such beast. A perfect decorum of speech, and manner, and opinion is with him a second nature.

Dr. Adams, notwithstanding his long pastorate in this city, is yet in the full vigor of his powers, being in the fiftieth year of his age. A few years have told rapidly upon his appearance, sprinkling his head with silvery gray, but we can discover no sign of abatement in the vigorous strength of his manly frame, or the energy of his utterance. Indeed, we believe it is the decided conviction of his congregation that at no previous period has he shown more ability and eloquence of speech or thought.

Long may he be spared usefully and beneficially to fill the post he so fitly occupies, nor for others' benefit let him fail to leave behind him a record of his life and times. In all that goes to make up the accomplished preacher and gentleman, the friend and pastor, Dr. Adams has no superior.

A CRUISE AMONG THE MALAY PIRATES.

HALF a dozen degrees north of the equator, and in longitude 100°—that is to say, on the west coast of the peninsula of Malaya—there is an old town by the name of Quedah. In the days of Brahma and miracles it was of course a wonderful place, with inhabitants by the million and riches galore—no Eastern city but boasts this of its antiquity. In the days of Warren Hastings and the Begums, it was potent enough to own, and foolish enough to sell to the British the fine island called Pulo Penang, which is now worth more than the whole country of which it was a dependency. It fell out that this Quedah, having sold the jewel of its crown, became a matter of indifference to John Company; which coming to the knowledge of his majesty the King of Siam, he conquered and annexed it to his dominions, and went off straightway and made a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the John Company aforesaid, then up to the armpits in a war of annexation in Burmah.

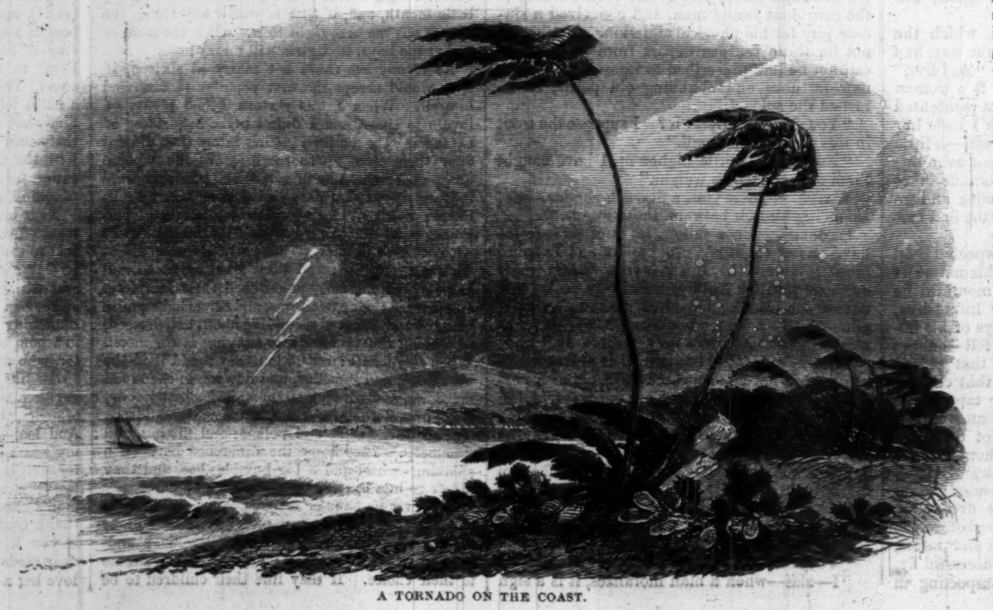
However, there were pirates in those days and those seas. Indeed, not to be too nice, piracy was the standard vocation of a majority of the people who inhabited the shores of the Strait of Malacca. So, the moment the King of Siam had returned to his white elephants and his round-armed girls, the men of Quedah rose in rebellion, and proclaimed their independence once more, hoisting the red flag of the pirate over their forts and their prahus. To punish these, the King of Siam and the officers of John Company raised armies and sent out fleets.

On board a gun-boat in the latter was a young midshipman of seventeen, whose name was Sherard Osborn—the same who has been so frequently before the public of late years in connection with the search for Sir John Franklin. He was then commencing his career. No small share of his subsequent eminence may perhaps be traced to the excellent course of training which he went through in this service.

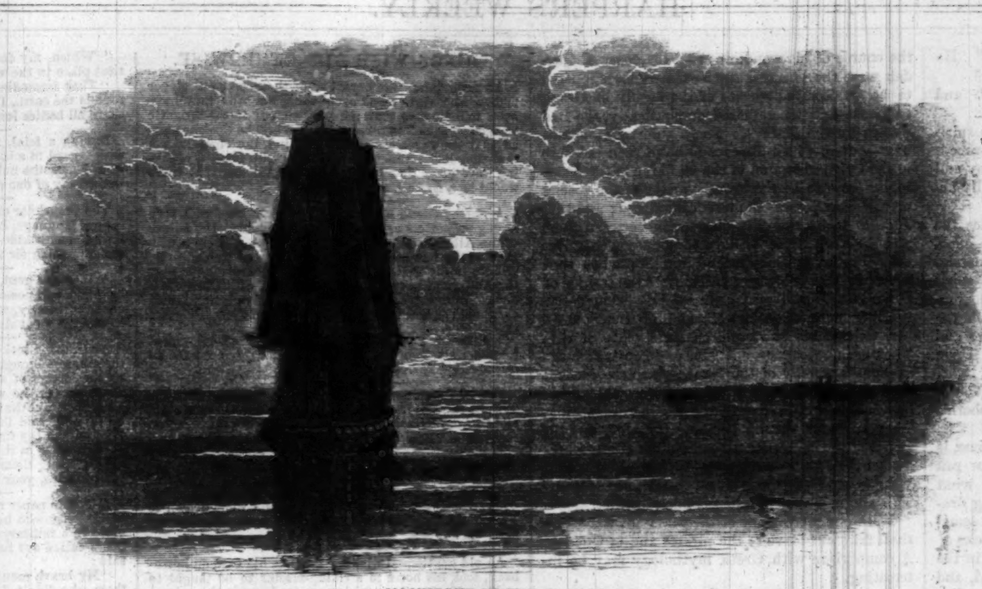
Fancy a boy of seventeen in sole command of a gun-boat carrying an 18-pound carronade and a brass six-pounder, with a crew of twenty-five blood-thirsty Malays ready for any desperate work, and not understanding a word of English! By way of consolation, he had an interpreter—Jamboo. This worthy was the son of a Burmese woman, who gave a British officer the credit of his paternity—Jamboo himself always closing discussion on the point with "I don't know sar, she say so!" He was as brave as steel, though given to boast. On one occasion, his young commandant having intimated that an attack might be made upon them by the Malays, Jamboo became insane with rage. He pulled on a thick, quilted red vest, girded up his loins, seized a long creese in one hand and a stabbing-knife in the other, and proceeded to enact a savage pantomime of a deadly conflict between himself and the Quedah chief; conquering him evidently with ease, imbittering his last moments by unseemly reference to his mother, and female relations generally, and winding up with the severest English available—"Ah! you cussed poul, you poul! come alongside!" The crew generally were jail-birds and reformed (?) pirates. The cockswain, Jadee, had spent his youth in the practice of piracy, had been caught, and would have been hanged but that he volunteered, when no one else would, to officiate as executioner in the case of other offenders.

He told a stirring tale of one of his piratical exploits. Off Banca, cruising for prey, he fell in with a large Chinese junk, and after following her a day and night, got near enough to "go at her like sharks." "But," said he, "these Amoy men are pigs. They received us with showers of stones, hot water, and shot." Obliged to sheer off, the pirates opened fire, and made several ineffectual attempts to board, the Chinese fighting gallantly in defense of their silks and sugar. The noise of the firing roused the Dutch. Out came the gun-boats, and in a few minutes the scene was changed: the junk was safe, and the gun-boats were closing upon the pirates, firing with such good aim that "every time we baled her out we baled as much blood as water." Worst of all, the Dutch were close enough to see the havoc their guns were making, and cheered lustily. It was evident that nothing short of a miracle could save the pirates. Surrender to Dutchmen—who are mortally hated by Malays—they swore they would not. In their despair, an old captain declared he would save the fleet. He ordered his rowers to stop, set his sails aback, and bade his men lie down on the deck. The rest of the piratical squadron rapidly moved away, and the Dutch cheered like fiends as they approached the vessel which they supposed to be disabled. In a few moments a gun-boat ran alongside, and the Dutch boarded her in a crowd. Up then sprang the old captain with his "braves," and fell upon the boarders with the creese, a weapon worth a dozen swords in a close fray. The "Dutchmen went down like sheep." When the decks were cleared, the victorious Malays jumped overboard and swam to another of their vessels; and the Dutch, sobered by the shock, continued the chase so slackly that the pirates were able to make good their escape, though with a loss of three-fourths of their fleet.

With this crew young Osborn was dispatched, with several gun-boats and a vessel of larger build, to blockade the port of Quedah. The service was likely to be dull: the Malays had stockaded their river, and the duty of the gun-boat was merely to lie outside this stockade and prevent egress or ingress. The long, tedious days were spent in speculating on the chances of the "pirates" plucking up courage enough to fight, and in watching the alligators. These brutes are as numerous on the shores of Malaya as in the South; but hunting them is unprofitable sport. They would lie on the mud, with tremendous jaws open, and eyes half closed, basking in the torrid sun; and now and then the Malays would fire at and wound them. But such was their vitality, that killing them seemed out of the question: however wounded, they always gained the water and escaped. One brute, who was caught in a fishing weir, absolutely defied his captors. Standing at some height above him, six or eight men stabbed at him



A TORNADO ON THE COAST.



MOONLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

with boarding-pikes till the weapons were bent out of shape, without even scratching his "calipash:" a noose of cord was passed round his neck, and he was raised, so that a more tender part of his hide was exposed; even then the hunters stabbed and poked away at him for half an hour without materially weakening his strength or causing the click of his jaws to cease; even when he was fairly silenced and cut into pieces, the tail continued to flap defiance.

On land there were a few buffalo, and once or twice the sailors had a beef-hunt. The buffalo of the Malayan peninsula is a very different brute from his American namesake; a gaunt, raw-boned animal, with large joints, thick horns, and a fiendish eye. They are usually stalked, like deer in Scotland; and when shot, must be severely avoided. Hunters usually build a fortress of trees, into which the buffalo can not penetrate. When they have fired they take refuge here, and the bulls of the herd are almost certain to charge the fortress, at whose gate they naturally meet with their *coup de grace*.

Monkeys abound, and, unlike our neighbors in Central and South America, the Malays do not eat them. The breed is perhaps nearer, in appearance, to the human type than the American species. Mr. Osborn was quite interested in a monkey family which he had an opportunity of observing closely. The papa, looking very like a venerable canaller, would sit on the grass at the foot of a tree, stretching his legs, and watching with patriarchal pride the gambols of his juvenile family; while his tender spouse, a graceful female monkey, would divide the time between gathering nuts and caressing her baby. When alarmed, the latter would spring to his mother's breast, cry like any human baby, and cling to her neck with its little black arms; while the patriarch, conscious of his responsibilities, would cover his family's retreat by seizing a safe position on a high branch, and hooting and grimacing malevolently at the invaders of his domestic hearth.

Birds'-nesting, which is followed by many of the Malays as a trade—birds' nests being in constant demand for the table of wealthy Chinese—afforded some sport. The birds whose nests are eaten belong to the swallow family, but resemble in appearance the smallest of the petrels; they are probably night-birds. They build in shady nooks in the cliffs, and in the deepest recesses of caves worn open by the sea. When an expedition starts to gather nests, it proceeds along the edge of the cliffs to the chosen spot, where strong stakes are driven into the earth, and long ropes fastened to them. The boldest of the nest-hunters descends first, swinging to and fro like a pendulum, the rope bringing away stones and pieces of earth which tumble ominously about his head, and not unfrequently chafing against the sharp edges of the rock. When he finds a good cave, he shouts from below for his companions to descend. Osborn was hailed by his pioneer, when the latter had nearly reached the end of his rope. He slid down, and soon found himself at the entrance of a cave some ten or twelve feet above the level of the water. Out of the mouth issued a fragrance indescribable; within, all was inky darkness. The hunters gained a ledge which led into the cave, and crept in, feeling very much as though they were passing out of the world. When they were out of the reach of the wind, they struck a light and lit a torch. It was a signal for a din and clatter unspeakable. Swallows chirped, bats clattered, insects and creatures without name or number flew, crawled, dashed about in wild dismay, every sound being multiplied twenty-fold by the echoes of the cave: and the dismay of the explorers was not a little increased by the menacing behavior of the huge bats, which threatened to strike them on the head, and knock the intruders off the narrow ledge on which they stood, into the abyss beneath. Osborn shouted above the riot to his Malays, "Where are the birds' nests?"

"There, overhead," answered the Malay, waving his torch.

He saw them at last, several feet above the ledge, at a height which can only be reached with a ladder. They resemble long filaments of fine vermicelli coiled into a shape something like the bowl of a large spoon split longitudinally; the straight edge is fixed to the rock to which it adheres. The substance of which they are composed is emitted from the bill of the bird, after the fashion of a spider's web: it is, when clean, glutinous and clear, and though rather tasteless, not disagreeable. The Chinese pay large prices for these nests; they use them to thicken their soups and ragouts. Several thousand people make a living by gathering them—at what risk of life can be easily imagined.

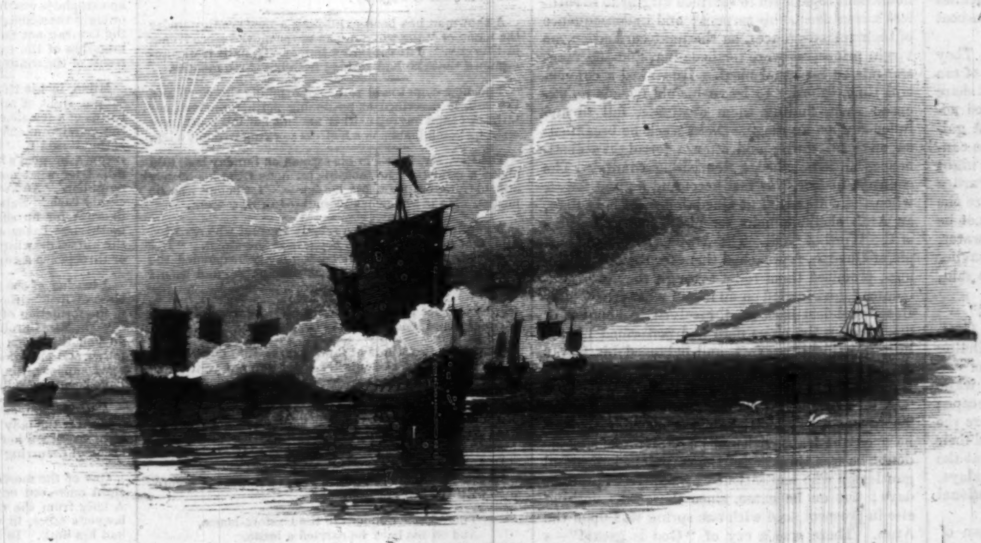
For days and days the gun-boats lay off the Quedah stockade without any thing but these sports to beguile the time. Now and then they had reason to believe that a Malay boat or prahu had taken advantage of the darkness to creep out unobserved; and when this happened, the interpreter, Jamboo, went through a severe pantomimic fight with the "cussed pouls," and reflected upon the character of their female relatives as before. But one night the blockaders were more fortunate.

Osborn had fallen asleep after a hard day's work, when an old one-eyed Malay roused him with an excited whisper:

"Sir, Sir, a large two-masted prahu has just sailed past us."

"Where? where?" gasped the midshipman.

"There! to leeward. She's a real capel prahu, sailing very fast."



A FIGHT.

Of course the anchor was up and sail set almost as soon as the thing could be described, and by kneeling down and looking under the mist a vision of a long hull in the distance could be made out. The oars were run out, and the gun-boat sped through the waves at the top of her speed. Creeses were dealt out to the men, who besides took care to stick their short stabbing-knives into their girdles. But as the night advanced the mist thickened, and after a few minutes' navigation all sight of the chase was lost.

"No prahu to be seen," groaned Osborn.

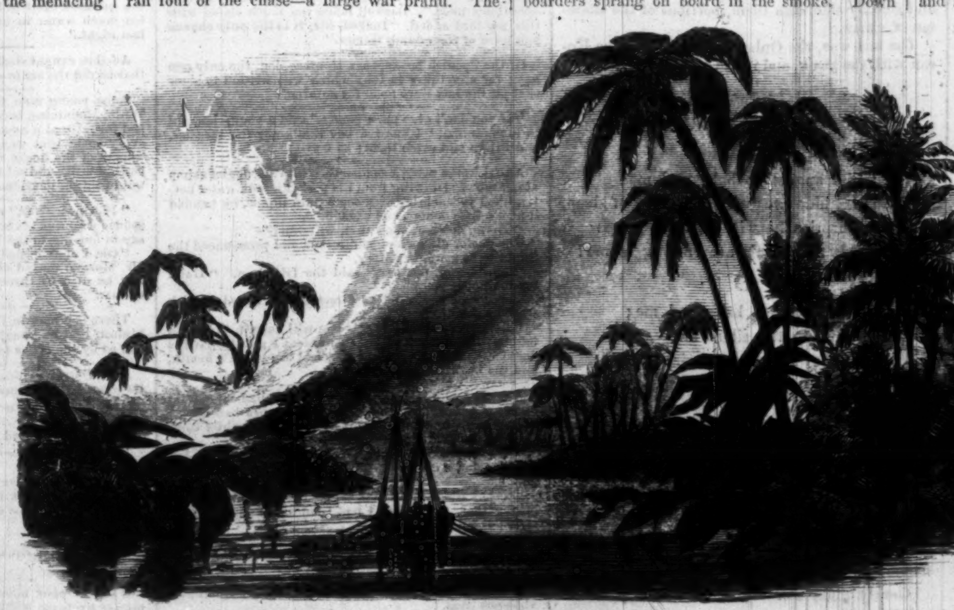
"We will catch her yet," responded Jadee, and almost at the same moment the gun-boat nearly ran foul of the chase—a large war prahu. The crew yelled with delight, and sprang up to board her; but the men of the chase knew what they were about. In a trice she "jibed her sails," and was off on a new tack and out of sight before the heavy yards of the gun-boat could be dipped.

As soon as the manœuvre could be performed the chase was renewed, and again the prahu was overhauled after a few minutes' sailing. Osborn had made ready this time.

"Lower your sails, and surrender!" shouted Jadee.

No answer coming, a shot from Osborn's forward gun brought down the prahu's main-sail; and now, thought the gun-boat's men, we have her. But they were again mistaken; by a dexterous nautical manœuvre she doubled on her pursuers, and was again out of sight in a moment. Jamboo shouted through the mist that she was a "cussed poul" and "a pig," which didn't help matters either. So away went the gun-boat as before, and now a new plan was adopted. The helmsman was directed to run aboard the chase; and Jadee and three Malays were to leap on board at the moment of collision, to prevent her repeating her adroit manœuvre.

So said, so done. The gun-boat ran with a thump into the prahu, and Jadee and his Malays, singing out from the rigging where they were, "All ready!"—Osborn fired into the chase, and the boarders sprang on board in the smoke. Down went the gun-boat's sails; and next minute she swung alongside, and Jadee was seen with one hand clutching her helm, and with the other waving a villainous-looking creese in the face of a crowd of scared Malays. The game was up. She surrendered, and Osborn had the satisfaction of capturing a personage of importance, who declared that he would commit suicide if they did not let him pray on his carpet on the poop at the usual hour, and who, having been granted this favor, was subsequently discovered to be a common thief and pirate.



FIRING THE VILLAGE AND JUNGLE.

As time wore on, it became known that the Siamese were invading the province of Quedah, and slowly driving the Malays out. Prahus now began to seek an exit with cargoes of women and children, whom of course the British sailors did not attempt to detain. The sufferings of these poor fugitives were often frightful. One day a large boat came out densely crowded with women and children, flying to escape the tender mercies of the Siamese. As it was evening when they appeared outside, the boat was detained till morning to be searched for pirates; when morning came, the British officer was shocked to learn that during the night several children and two women had died for want of water. But a farther discovery was still more astonishing. There were on board two fat Bengalee merchants, who had each of them a large jar of water, which they obstinately refused to share with the dying women and children. The Malays seemed to think little of this, as they supposed the Bengalees to be merely men of strong religious principles who refused to drink with heretics; but young Osborn, and another British officer who was present, had difficulty in restraining themselves from having the wretches thrown overboard. Jamboo understood the state of the case from a glance at his young master's face, and, after a brief allusion to the merchants' mothers, sisters, and aunts, proceeded to wave his creese around them in graceful and narrowing curves. Fear of an appeal to the courts at Calcutta compelled Osborn to restrain Jamboo; but he had, we imagine, a good deal of satisfaction in directing the cockswain to administer four dozen apiece to each of the fat merchants, and we are inclined to think they were laid on well.

The tortures from which these Malays were flying were of the most fiendish description. Many of them will not bear description. One was to scoop out the heart of a tree, and inclose a naked prisoner in the hollow: when he was fast, the tree was coated with mud, so as to prevent its igniting; the hollow was then closed on the outside, and a steady fire lit round the tree; so that the unhappy creature was slowly roasted alive. People were quite commonly rubbed over with wild honey, and fastened to the ground near a nest of venomous ants, whose bites caused death, after indescribable torments. But the most atrocious of all the tortures was practiced with the aid of a peculiar species of palm-tree. This tree, when young, grows several inches in a day, and the stem, which is without branches, is a triangular stick, with a point as sharp and as hard as a bayonet. When cut, it makes a formidable lance. The Siamese used to select a promising plant of this family, construct a rude platform round it, and fasten their victim in a sitting posture just over the plant; so that the point entered his body, slowly impaled him, and caused an excruciating death. It was actually reported that this form of torture had been used on several female prisoners—wives or daughters of hostile chiefs. In one case, certainly, a Malay woman, in an advanced stage of pregnancy, was taken, and heavy bets were made as to the sex of the child; the bets were decided by the barbarous murder of the mother.

As the Siamese army neared the fort of Quedah the number of fugitives began to increase, and orders were given to be more vigilant than usual in looking out for pirates. The Malays would hide a boat in the jungle, and, under cover of the night-mist, creep to sea through the blockading squadron—the first news of their escape being an announcement that "pirates" had been seen off the group of Bounting Islands. Young Osborn felt that accidents of this kind were a reflection on his professional character. He began to suspect his Malays. One night, as he dozed, he noticed the look-out man casting furtive glances over his shoulder at the jungle, and muttering to himself. Having watched him for some minutes, he at last sprang up and accosted him.

"Any thing new? Prahus?"

"No, Sir."

But when Osborn began to look toward the jungle the Malay beckoned him to turn round and look elsewhere. Thoroughly aroused by this suspicious behavior, Osborn called the interpreter, and bade him question the man.

"He says," said Jamboo, after a

brief examination, "that he saw a spirit." He appeared greatly excited.

"Nonsense!" cried Osborn. "How? and where?"

The man explained that he had seen the spirit close to the water's edge, that it was a long-robed, evil spirit, and that it was necessary to pray and spit—of which latter performance he faithfully acquitted himself.

The Englishman vainly tried to convince the Malays that they must be mistaken. The interpreter shook his head, and assured his commander that if he would watch he might see the spirit himself. Osborn accordingly sat down. The gun-boat was about a hundred and fifty yards from the shore, which was a dense jungle, with here and there patches of white shingle and shells. Upon the water the moon poured a pale stream of light. The scene was silent as a grave.

Suddenly the look-out man caught Osborn's arm, and cried, "Look! look!"

Captain Osborn, even at this distance of time, is not ashamed to confess that an odd tremor ran through his frame as he caught sight of what seemed to him to be a Hindoo female in long drapery. She walked along the shore slowly, sometimes stopping for a few seconds at the hillocks of white sand, and at last entering an opening in the jungle. The Malay grew violently excited, and spat to right and left. Osborn himself felt religiously inclined.

The natives were flying in every direction. One evening the gun-boat was brought to anchor off a flourishing village. It was doomed. The Siamese were not many miles off, in irresistible force. After nightfall the land-breeze sprang up as usual, freshly and smartly. The Malays were watching the waving cocoa-nut leaves, when, suddenly, flames burst forth in two or three places at once. Houses, grass, trees, all caught and burned as though they had been steeped in camphene. In a quarter of an hour the whole place was ablaze. The cocoa-nut trees caught with the rest—the leaves and the soft, felt-like creasement of their roots blazing up fiercely, till the plantation resembled a forest of gigantic torches being fiendishly waved in the night-air by an army of demons. The Malays had determined to leave their enemies a Moscow. It was not easy even for the gun-boat to escape the conflagration.

At last the Siamese laid siege to Quedah. They outnumbered the garrison in the proportion of ten to one; and John Company had fulfilled his share of the treaty by taking care that they lacked nothing of what pertained to equipment. A gallant resistance was made. Day after day the cannon roared from daylight till nightfall. One night there was a heavy volley heard, and afterward a long silence; then came over the night-breeze the cries of drowning men. Humanity could not be idle; the gun-boats' crews jumped into the water, and made for the stockade, in the hope of saving some lives. They picked up six men, who said, when they had recovered breath,

"We are the last of the Quedah garrison!"

It was subsequently ascertained that the Commander-in-Chief of the Malays in Quedah, finding resistance impossible, had called for a body of volunteers to hold the place twenty-four hours, while he, with the bulk of the garrison, made his escape; and that the six who had been picked up were the last of the brave two hundred who had offered their lives on this forlorn hope. Let us hope that the fact may be accounted as a virtue to the Malays, and received in mitigation of their conventional ferocity.

The Malays expelled, and the good town of Quedah fairly in possession of the Siamese, intercourse was established between the place and the blockading squadron. It was not without difficulties at first. The Siamese officers were full of Oriental notions about etiquette; the Malays in the British service had not conquered, or tried to conquer, their aversion to the hereditary foe. Young Osborn was sent ashore to get two bullocks for the crew of the British man-of-war on the station. The Siamese threw numberless obstacles in his way. Though naturally prone to reverence the men "whose scarlet coats seem to be bursting into flames," they demurred to having intercourse with so petty a personage as a juvenile midshipman. Various subordinate officers were sent to treat with Osborn. He declined to have any thing to say to them, and insisted on seeing the Commandant.

"Tell the General," said he to the interpreter, "that I have a message from my Rajah."

And the ever-faithful Jadee added, "Remember, oh! Jamboo, that these men are swine, and would never have been here but for us. Explain this to the sons of burned mothers."

The "swine" were vastly disposed to rebel, and the "General" consented to an interview with a very bad grace; but young Osborn persisted with the characteristic obstinacy of John Bull, carried his point, and got the bullocks.

This ended the active naval operations of the squadron. Osborn's remaining service was agreeable. He cruised along the coast, landing from time to time on special service, and visited the towns in the province. His conventional notions were sometimes shocked—as for instance, at Kaugah, where he had to paddle up stream, while the entire population, in the state in which our first parents are represented in Paradise, were enjoying a bathe; and the young ladies, with charming innocence, stood gazing playfully at the intruder upon their pleasures. But the gallant Englishman was consoled by noticing that his Malays took no more notice of the fair damsels and their cool attire than if they had been trees. Once or twice, too, Mr. Osborn fell in with branches of the Malay family which bore an unpleasant reputation for cannibalism—the races which in olden time were said by a quaint old traveler to carry their children in times of need, not in their bosoms, but in their bowels; but by dint of courage, and especially under shelter of the great English name, he escaped these worthies unhurt and uneaten.

Other strange people whom Mr. Osborn met in the course of his wanderings on the coast of Quedah were the Orang-Patani—sometimes supposed to be an elevated species of the family of Orang baboons—and denominated, emphatically, the Bad People by the Malays. These unfortunate creatures—one of whom appears to have been the hero of the Oriental legend of the Old Man of the Sea—really seem to be the lowest variety of the species man. They possess the use of language; and that appears to be the only distinction between them and the *simia* tribe. Like the monkeys, they live only for the gratification of hunger; when they are satiated they sleep or sport, after the fashion of baboons. The women have no idea of modesty, the men none of jealousy. One of them offered Mr. Osborn his two children for a plate of rice. They use no weapons, offensive or defensive; build no houses worthy of the name; since the inroads of white people and European ideas, they have learned to wear a strip of bark in guise of clothing. They are born, they marry, and they die, like the beasts of the field, without ceremonies of any kind: "after the death of a relative," says an old traveler, "the women weep a little and then leave the spot." This singular race is fast becoming extinct.

With one more story of the Malayan waters we shall take our leave of the pirates and of Quedah. A comparison with Greek mythology may be interesting.

Once upon a time the Rajahs of Quedah were bound by solemn oath, taken by generation after generation, to sacrifice a virgin daughter of the royal family, after every coronation, to a monstrous boa constrictor or Oular-Besar, which, on condition of this sacrifice, benevolently spared the rest of their dominions. When the virgin daughter had been digested the boa kindly lived, till the next coronation, on the Siamese, and such like *canaille;* never reappearing before the town of Quedah till the reigning monarch had departed this life. It was so friendly, in fact, that, on one occasion, when some enemies of the Malays sailed to attack Quedah, Master Oular-Besar stretched himself across the mouth of the river—a distance of a couple of miles—and served the purpose of a boom in keeping out the hostile fleet. But, one day, there arose in Quedah numbers of very pious men, who pronounced it to be a sin to sacrifice virgins to so ruthless a creature as this serpent; and in consequence of their remonstrances, on the next coronation, no virgin princesses were forthcoming, and the monster missed his usual meal. He waited a convenient time, in order to leave his old friends no excuse; then, finding them obstinate, fell to and lunched upon a village. Next week he breakfasted on a fat town; and after a fortnight's abstinence, he demolished a flourishing county. The country, in fact, was fast becoming a great forest, when there appeared at Quedah a most holy man, an Arab sheik, famous for piety and knowledge of the Word of God. The Arab exhorted the people of Quedah, reproached them for their backslidings, promised them relief through the aid of Mohammed, and landed on an island where the Oular-Besar had last been seen, resolved to conquer or die. When the pious man had performed his ablutions, said his prayers, and balanced his Koran on the top of his head, he awaited the approach of the monster in tranquillity.

After a brief delay the boa made his appearance. There was a wry look about the monster's face as he eyed the lean, withered body of the sheik—no doubt he was thinking of the corpulent ladies and gentlemen who had satisfied his appetite in former days; but on he came, since there was nothing else in prospect, and with one spring was upon the Arab. There was a cry of "God is great!"—a crunching of bones—and all was over.

Now the custom of the Oular-Besar was, after a meal, to retire to a shady valley to digest and repose. On this occasion, some Malays, who were watching him from a hiding-place, were horror-struck to see him writhing in frenzy, lashing his tail, tossing his head, and behaving generally in a manner unworthy of any decent monster. Finally, instead of retiring to his accustomed valley, he dashed up the mountain side and disappeared to view.

Months and years afterward, gold-seekers, scaling the mountain in search of the precious metal, discovered, in a deep and narrow valley, a long, green stone, round which were coiled, in concentric circles, the gigantic bones of a monstrous snake, and side by side with them, portions of the skeleton of a man.

The fact was, the Oular had swallowed the Koran with the sheik, and it had choked him!

A BABY SONG.

I.

COME, white angels, to baby and me;
  Touch his blue eyes with the image of sleep,
  In his surprise he will cease to weep:
Hush, child, the angels are coming to me!

II.

Come, white doves, to baby and me;
  Softly whirr in the silent air,
  Flutter about his golden hair:
Hark, child, the doves are cooing to thee!

III.

Come, white lilies, to baby and me;
  Drowsily nod before his eyes,
  So full of wonder, so round, and wise:
Hist, child, the lily-bells tinkle for thee!

IV.

Come, white moon, to baby and me;
  Gently glide o'er the ocean of sleep,
  Silver the waves of its shadowy deep:
Sleep, child, and the whitest of dreams to thee.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

AN acquaintance of ours, one of those precious clever fellows who always find every thing out after they have been told it, says that the very names of the Atlantic Telegraph squadron presaged failure. The *Cyclops* hinted that the Directors were half blind, the *Agamemnon* that they had estimated by Troy weight, instead of taking care *avoir* due Poise, and the *Niagara* that there would be a Great Fall. He is an idiot.

A worthy friend of ours, but who is imbued with very strong prejudices against the Irish, says that the failure of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable may be entirely attributed to the fact of its having started from Ireland. He alludes to the well-known habit of improvidence among the Irish, and asks the Directors, how, with the system of "*paying out*" that is generally pursued in Ireland, they ever could expect to *make both ends meet?*

MAXIM BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.—Find enjoyment for the body, and the mind will find enjoyment for itself.—*Hog's Instructor.*

One of the daily papers says: "On Sunday last, John Travis, the notorious pistol shooter and sporting man, eloped from Saratoga with a daughter of a gentleman of that place, whose age is reported about fifteen."

If the gentleman's age was only about fifteen, how very youthful his runaway daughter must be!

The saying of a White Mountain stage-driver to a New Yorker sitting with him, "I s'pose if I went deawn to York I should geawk reaund *jest as yeau folks deu up here,*" is not bad.

An old gentleman wishing to be at his ease on horseback, took his horse to a riding-master to be taught to amble. Two or three trials were made upon the animal with but partial success.

"Zounds, Sir, do you call this an amble?" said the owner.

"No, Sir," replied the equestrian, "I call it a pre-amble."

Deacon L——, of Maine, speaking the other day of his early years, remarked that although he was a boy when the American Revolution commenced, yet he remembered all about it—having received his information from his father, who kept the run of public affairs, being a "*warm libertine.*"

A gentleman regretting the loss of his first in the presence of his second wife, was told that no one had more reason to wish his former spouse alive than she had.

An Irish advertisement reads: "Missing from Killarney, Jane O'Fogarty, she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow—all black, with red hair and tortoise shell combs behind her ears and large spots all down her back, which squints awfully."

From the foregoing description, which is the cow, and which is Jane O'Fogarty?

A showman has been exhibiting a new prodigy under the name of "the woman who never moved since living in this city." The card drew immensely, until it was announced that she had resided here but three months.

The new comet said to be approaching the earth and the sun, is described as possessing neither nucleus nor tail. A comet having neither nucleus nor tail must have a strong resemblance to a footless stocking without a leg.

The Rev. Mr. P——, in his sermon on Sunday last, told about a minister who took his sermons from his library and his prayers from his ice-house. I wonder who he means. He is somewhat acquainted in New York.

A gentleman replied to a female vagrant who accosted him, that he never gave to beggars in the street. "If I knew where yer honor lived," quickly responded the woman, "I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldn't interfere with your arrangements."

Why is twice ten like twice eleven? Because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty-*two*.

There are two kinds of family jars; into one you put your sweet-meats, and into the other you put your foot.

Now *that* is a word which may often be joined,
For *that that* may be doubled, is clear to the mind;
And *that that that* is right, is as plain to the view,
As *that that that that* we use, is rightly used too,
And *that that that that that* line has in it, is right—
In accordance with grammar is plain in our sight.

In the above lines the word *that* is in perfect accordance with the rules of grammar.

There came a mouse to the Custom-house,
And on his back he carried a louse.
"What duty on lice?" the mouse cried thrice.
"The louse's hide!" they all replied,
And by the decision did the mouse abide.

And they skinned the louse to pay the duty,
And kept the carcass and fat for booty;
"Surely," said they, "official toils
Must be recompensed with *occasional* spoils."

A fashionable countess asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flowers, roses or tulips, he replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's two *lips* before all the roses in the world."

Two persons contending very sharply on matters regarding a late election, got to rather high words, when one of them said, "You never catch a lie coming out of my mouth." The other replied, "You may well say that, for they fly out so fast that nobody can catch 'em."

Boswell was one day complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes, yes," cried Lord Kames, "Homer sometimes nods." Boswell being too much elated with this, my lord added, "Indeed, Sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

Of the Spanish books, says Montesquieu, the only one good for any thing is that which was written to show that all the rest were good for nothing.

"If you don't give me a penny," said a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy that's got the measles, and I'll go and catch them; so I will!"

An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop at Glasgow. Drawing from his pocket a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, he handed it across the counter, and exclaimed,

"There, docther, snuff that, will you?"

The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquid to be genuine whisky.

"Thank you, docther," said the Irishman. "Hand me it agin, if you plaze."

The doctor again did as directed, and asked Patrick what he meant.

"Och, then," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the docther. So here's your health, and the priest's health, and the health of Moses!"

A farmer who told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had an excellent gun that went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged.

"Wonderful gun, indeed," said the sportsman; "but how the deuce did it happen? Must have been an Irish gun."

"Not at all," said the farmer; "the thief and it went off together, and before I had time to charge him with it."

One of the sex writes, rather spicily, "that though a few American ladies live in idleness, the majority as yet work themselves into early graves—giving the men an opportunity to try two or three in the course of their own vigorous lives."

"Pa! is it when these newspaper folks are going to tell a side-splitting story that they say 'joking aside?'"

"Which, my dear young lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?"

"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think; because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity."

During a trial, the other day, a constable, testifying with regard to a lady, said, "I know nothing of her but what I hear the neighbors say; and, in my opinion, what women say of one another is not worthy of belief."

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave "Success to forgery."

A Western gent. at the St. Nicholas, the other day, having taken possession of his room, locked it up to go out into the city, and leaving the key at the bar told the clerk with great simplicity "not to wait dinner for him."

A vagabond looking fellow, but with some wit, nevertheless, was brought before a magistrate at Tourbridge, on the charge of stealing turnips. After making some droll remark, he was asked by the magistrate: "But didn't you take the turnips found in your pocket?" "Certainly not," said the prisoner. "I went to sleep in the field among the turnips, and the three you found in my pockets grew in them while I lay there, the heat of my body causing them to shoot up faster than ordinary. I steal turnips, your worship! I'd scorn the idea!"

A Toledo paper reports a speech made by a gentleman of that city who had just been elected to an important office in a military company. The recipient of honors, being called out for a speech, mounted the rostrum and said;

"My brave men: them who voted for me I *respect*—them who didn't, I *disgust.*"

Can you tell me why
A deceitful eye
Can better descry
Than you or I
Upon how many toes
A pussy-cat goes?

ANSWER.

The eye of deceit
Can best count-er-feit,
And so I suppose
Can best count her toes.

Monsieur de M—— died on the 27th of February last, leaving a will, entirely in his own handwriting, which he concludes thus: "And to testify my affection for my nephews Charles and Henri de M——, I bequeath to each *d'eux* (*i. e.* of them) or *deux* (*i. e.* two) hundred thousand francs." The paper was folded before the ink was dry, and the writing is blotted in many places. The legatees assert that the apostrophe is one of these blots; but the heir-at-law, a legitimate son of the defunct, maintains, on the contrary, that the apostrophe is intentional. This apostrophe is worth to him, two hundred thousand francs, or eight thousand pounds sterling; and as the learned in the law can not find in the context any clew to the real intention of the testator, it will be curious to watch the result of the contest.

Milne, in his life in China, says: "The first time I caught sight of milk in a Chinese street, it was in the hands of a female carrying a cup of what I thought to be the genuine unchalked article. 'Excuse me, but what is that?' said I. 'It is milk,' she replied. 'What milk—cow's or goat's?' 'Woman's milk, Sir.' 'Woman's milk! for what use?' 'It has been bought for an aged neighbor.' 'And what's the price of that cupful?' 'About eighty cash.' Subsequently I discovered that it is not unusual for nursing women to sell their own milk for motherless babes or octogenarians in second babyhood, the nurses drawing their own milk to vend it at twopence or threepence a cup."

A teacher of one of the Sunday schools was lecturing a class of little girls on the influence of pious instruction in the formation of youthful character.

"Ah, Miss Caroline," said he to one of the class, "what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?"

"I suppose, Sir," answered Miss Caroline, "I should have been an orphan."

A gentleman, advertising for a wife, says—"It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of an accident occurring to her companion."

One of the most remarkable instances of love at first sight on record occurred in Buffalo a day or two since. A lady from the country had business to transact at a lawyer's office, in which a somewhat diffident attorney had his desk. In the course of the business the eyes of the parties met; the attorney was smitten; he declared his passion, and was accepted. The couple were married in the afternoon.

The Indianapolis *Journal* is publishing a series of sketches of early trials and occurrences in Indiana, some of which are particularly rich. The following, entitled "Coroner Connery Outdone," is "one of 'em:" A man was found dead one cold morning, with his skull broken, lying in the woods. He had been seen the night before considerably intoxicated. The body was frozen. An inquest was held before noon of the same day, before Coroner Clifford. The jury formed a hollow square—the body in the centre. Coroner Clifford—"Gentlemen of the inquest, there are three things to be considered when a man commits suicide by killing his neighbor. First, Did he come to his death by *incidence?* Second, Did he come to his death by *accidence?* Third, Did he come to his death by the hands of the *incendiary?* Look at that body, gentlemen, and return your verdict." The jury counseled nearly five minutes. "We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death by *incidence*, having put too much water in his whisky, causing him to freeze last night."

A fellow caught stealing excused himself on the ground that he did the act in a fit of abstraction.

Some young men traveling on horseback among the White Mountains, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought out an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

"Phillura, dear," said a loving husband to his loyal spouse who was several years the junior, "what do you say to moving to the West?"

"Oh, I'm delighted with the idea. You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are, and he died in three years worth a hundred thousand dollars."

There is a man in Fife who has so *high* an opinion of himself that he imagines he is a church steeple. Being *told* so by the *belles* confirms him in the opinion.

Lord Dorset writing to Lord Buckley the morning after his marriage, thus addressed him:

"DEAR BUCKLEY,—I am the happiest dog alive.
"DORSET."

To which he received the following laconic reply:

"DEAR DORSET,—Every dog has his day.
"BUCKLEY."

This was beat, however, by Rothschild in writing to his Paris correspondent to ascertain if any alteration had occurred in the price of certain stocks. The inquiry was only a simple

?

The reply was equally brief—

0

"Here's your money, dolt. Now tell me why your master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum," said an exasperated debtor. "I'm sure, Sir, I can't tell, Sir; but if you'll excuse me, Sir, I think it were because seventeen letters didn't fetch it!"

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, September* 14, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets continued depressed and somewhat unsettled. Flour declined 10 @ 30 c. per barrel; Wheat, 15 @ 17 c.; and Corn about 3 c. per bushel. At the reduced prices the supply was ample and the demand active, as well for export as for home use. Cotton varied little, while Provisions were brisker and prices closed higher, the rise in Mess Pork being nearly 50 c. per barrel. Groceries were dull and heavy, with a downward tendency. Freights were more active, and rates advanced, including, for Liverpool: Cotton, 3s. @ 3s. 6d. per bale; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; and Grain, 5½d. @ 6d. per bushel.

The Live Stock Market was firmer for Beeves, Veal Calves, as well as for Sheep and Lambs, steady for Milch Cows, and easier for Swine, with a good general inquiry, especially for Beeves and Sheep.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$6 00
Blackberries, per bushel	$4 50	@	—
Whortleberries, per bushel	$2 00	@	$2 50
Peaches, per basket	$1 50	@	$4 50
Plums, per bushel	$3 00	@	$4 50
Pears, common to good, per barrel	$1 50	@	$4 00
" prime to extra, per barrel	$6 00	@	$14 00
Potatoes, new, per barrel	$1 50	@	$3 00
" sweet, per barrel	$3 00	@	$3 50
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per barrel	$1 75	@	$2 50
Turnips, new, per barrel	50	@	$1 00
Tomatoes, per basket	15	@	35
Lettuce, per hundred	75	@	$1 00
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	$1 25
Watermelons, per 100	$10 00	@	$20 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	$1 50	@	$2 25
Cucumbers, per 100	50	@	—
Cabbages, per 100	$2 00	@	$4 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Chicory, per 100	75	@	$1 00
Parsnips, per dozen bunches	37	@	44
Carrots, per 100 bunches	$1 50	@	$2 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	50	@	$2 00
Beans, per basket	37	@	—
" per bushel	50	@	65
Corn, per 100 ears	50	@	62½
" Sweet, per 100 ears	50	@	65
Leeks, per dozen	37	@	44
Celery, per 100	$1 25	@	—
Garlic, per 100	$7 00	@	—
Peppers, per 100	37	@	50
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	19
" State, per pound	17	@	25
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	15½
" Western, per dozen	8	@	12
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Live Fowls, per pair	75	@	87½
Ducks, per pair	65	@	$1 00
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Geese, each	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 65
" wild, per dozen	$1 00	@	—
Woodcock, per dozen	$3 75	@	$4 50
Beef, per pound	10	@	13
Mutton, per pound	8	@	12
Lamb, per pound	9	@	12½
Veal, per pound	11	@	12
Pork, per pound	10½	@	10½

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TIGHTNESS OF THE CHEST.
We sneeze, a slight, thin, sharp ichorous matter comes from our nose; we have heaviness of the head, great oppression of the chest, some tightness, and a little tenderness in the region of the lungs. Now, attention must be given to this state of facts, or inflammation of the lungs or congestion may take place, and death be with us before we are aware.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

say, two, four, or six, according to age, sex, and constitution, must be taken. They must purge very freely. Drink warm drinks while the fever lasts, and as a diet eat plenty of good Indian-meal gruel or chicken-broth, with plenty of rice in it. By this treatment, on the second or third day, the disease will be cured. This complaint is going the rounds, and will be followed by dysentery and diarrhœa; but they will be cured by the same process. The wise will have Brandreth's Pills where they can be easily laid hold on.

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